

THE  
EAST INDIAN,  
OR  
CLIFFORD PRIORY.

A NOVEL,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY  
*MARY JULIA YOUNG,*

AUTHOR OF ROSE-MOUNT CASTLE, POEMS, &c.

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VOLUME II.

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Sad is the change, from Pleasure's gayest scenes,  
To the sepulchral gloom of dreary vaults,  
Where the long-buried dead in silence sleep;  
Nor are less drear the desolated rooms,  
Where Melancholy waves her ebon wand,  
Unnerves the frame, and chills the trembling soul,  
With fancied spectres and terrific sounds.

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THE  
HISTORICAL  
OF  
GILFORD BELLEVILLE  
A HISTORY

1607/2082



( I )

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THE  
EAST INDIAN,  
OR  
CLIFFORD PRIORY.

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CHAP. I.

AN EXPRESS.

AS ELINOR's spirits were very much oppressed by the distressing circumstances of the day, she was extremely glad, on her arrival in Berkley-square, to find only the family party. Nothing but their departure for Melvin-park, the

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B

next

next morning, could have induced her to leave home in such an unpleasant state of mind, for which she apologized, by informing them of the robbery. The Duke said, he feared it was a premeditated scheme, and that some of the servants were concerned; but Elinor was of a generous unsuspicious disposition, and could not believe that any of her father's domestics were dishonest.

Sir Clement Darnley returned sooner than Elinor expected, and gave her the satisfaction of hearing that Mr. Foster was restored to his family, and brought her his receipt in full for Mr. Clifford's debt. He had also called in Portman-square, knowing Elinor would be anxious about the result of the search, and was sorry to inform her it had been unsuccessful, though the house had been examined in every part, and also the coach-house and stables, through which,

as





as they opened into a by-lane, the workmen brought in all their materials and carried out the rubbish, and through this way it was supposed the thieves had conveyed their booty.

The ladies Dromlarney and Melvin expressed great concern that Elinor could not accompany them to Melvin-park, and entreated her to follow them as soon as she possibly could, which she assured them she would immediately after her father's return.

Just as they had done supper, Sir Clement was informed that an express was arrived from Montpelier, with letters from his uncle, Mr. Darnley. He begged the Duke's permission to read them and left the room for that purpose.

“I fear,” said Lady Dromlarney, “that my uncle is worse. If the old gentleman should die, before his guardianship expires, it will be a very disagreeable circumstance to Clement, as he would not like to be under the controul of any body but an uncle, for whom he has always had the greatest respect.”

“However unpleasant *restriction* may be to Sir Clement Darnley,” said the Duke, “just at present, I fancy he will, one day or the other, esteem it a blessing—even that, which he *now* thinks so severe, in regard to his marriage. It prevents him from being precipitate—he *must* take time for reflection, and will be convinced, though he may be inclined to marry foolishly at *three-and-twenty*, that his father was perfectly right, in supposing he would be much wiser at  
*five-*

*five-and-twenty—do you not think he will, Lady Dromlarney ?*”

“ Your Grace already knows my thoughts on this subject. *You have convinced me* that what I thought unjustly capricious in my father, was certainly the greatest proof he could give his son of paternal affection and prudent presentiment. *You now* think as I do Lefbia, I believe ?”

“ O yes, to be sure, I do, and think my uncle’s heart will wander about to many fair ladies, during that period of *liberty*, I call it, for he *cannot* fix his choice, till it is expired—what is your opinion, my Lord ?”

“ That, at *present*, Sir Clement’s heart is seriously attached in defiance to all *wills* and paternal restrictions. As for your future *égarements*, I cannot say



what they may be. Even my *own* may experience many changes in such a length of time—two years! 'tis an age! can it be constant so long?"

"Perhaps not; nor *mine* neither; most assuredly, it will change, if *yours* do;

'Wander Phaon, so will I  
And to nobler conquests fly.'

therefore, take care how you rouse my avenging spirit, Melvin. Ought I not to retaliate in this case, Miss Clifford?"

"In what case, Lady Melvin?" asked Elinor, totally inattentive to what her Ladyship said last. The former part of the discourse, uttered in her presence by the relations of Sir Clement Darnley, was vexatious and alarming. It implied a change in *their* sentiments and a wish to bias *his*, she feared, in favour of a niece

niece of the Duke's, to whom she had seen, not without pain, the ladies gave a very marked preference. While they were speaking, her heart beat, her cheeks were suffused with a crimson glow, at the mere apprehension of a change, so fatal to her happiness, and her confusion was apparent to them all, when she asked, "In what case, Lady Melvin?" But, before she could receive an answer, Sir Clement entered, with an open letter in his hand and looks that expressed the greatest grief and vexation. Elinor involuntarily started up, exclaiming :

"Good God! what is the matter? What distresses you, Sir Clement?"

"My uncle is dying—I must set out immediately for Montpelier,—he tells me, if I wish to see him alive. I have

already ordered preparations to be made for my journey."

Elinor sat down without speaking. Her soul had received a sudden wound, which deprived her of sensation. Sir Clement threw the letter upon the table, and, while they were all eager to know the contents, he bestowed all his attention on Elinor, who seemed inanimate. She dreaded to speak lest she should discover the excess of her grief, and the suppression of her feelings nearly overcame her senses. Darnley beheld her situation with agony; he took her hand and silently watched her looks, while delicacy forbade him to notice a disorder he too well knew affection for him had caused.

A servant announced Miss Clifford's carriage; she arose and went to Lady Dromlarney, who prevented her speaking



ing by kissing her affectionately, and then said :

“ My dear Miss Clifford, I hope we shall see you in a few days at Melvin-park.”

Elinor bowed, and, turning to Lady Melvin, took her hand, but dared not trust herself to say, even, good night.

“ Sit down, Miss Clifford,” said her Ladyship, “ and recover yourself—you seem very ill—do not go yet.”

“ I shall be better in the air.”

“ So you will my dear young Lady, I hope, in the *pure air* of Devonshire—when I pull off my great shoe and run about Melvin-park with you. Yes, yes; you shall see that I have some gallantry left still, though that married

man calls me, father! Thank heaven! you will be too far off, Darnley, to cut my throat. I shall be safe enough from your jealousy, even though Miss Clifford should listen with complacency to the fine things I shall say to her—for, depend upon it, I shall take your place at her elbow and profit by every advantage your absence will give me. So if you have any fears, let love triumph over duty, and stay in England to guard against so formidable a rival as myself."

"Your Grace must pardon me, if I cannot return your pleasantries. I am truly concerned that my uncle has reason to think himself in such a dangerous state, and the dread I have of not finding him alive agitates my mind more than I can express. I am also very much disappointed at the necessity I am under of quitting my friends, at a period in which I had promised myself the highest felicity

felicity in their society—In short, my Lord, I *feel* that I am not a philosopher. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling here, after I have seen Miss Clifford home, if it will not intrude on your hours of rest."

"If his Grace chuses to retire, you will find Lord and Lady Melvin and myself up, to receive you; indeed, I am very much vexed, my dear Clement, that you should be obliged to leave England as soon as I arrived in it—I wish my poor uncle Darnley was here!"

"We must submit to necessity, my dear sister;" replied Sir Clement, as he led the trembling Elinor out of the room. When they were seated in the coach, he said:

"I hope, Miss Clifford, you will have no apprehension of the thieves returning



turning to-night, as two of the Police-officers and some of your own servants will sit up; and, though your loss is immense, yet you have too much sense, I know, to let it dwell upon your spirits in a manner that will prejudice your health. Your father's absence as well as Lady Stanmore's is very unfortunate. I will persuade my sister and niece to put off their journey, till Mr. Clifford's return."

"By no means; they have already put it off longer than was agreeable to the Duke, in complaisance to my aunt. For heaven's sake! do not say a word about a second delay, upon *my* account—I have no fears concerning the thieves—and I most sincerely wish that my father may put up with the loss we have sustained, as calmly as I can; for, though you declared just now, that you were no philosopher, yet I intend to let you

you see that *I* will, at least, *endeavour* to be one. A few minutes ago, I felt myself a very weak woman—the Duke's raillery gave me time to recover my fortitude; and now, permit me to talk of yourself and poor Mr. Darnley. What is his disorder?"

"An abscess on the lungs, which, at times, occasions such a difficulty of respiration as to threaten an immediate dissolution. He thought a clearer air would be of service, and, for some time, it was. Now, if he should recover sufficiently to bear the journey, he intends to go to Italy. He is a worthy man—you would love him, if you knew him."

"I both know him and love him, from having heard *you* speak of him, and hope that the presence of a nephew so beloved will help to restore  
his

his health. He will want you, no doubt, to accompany him to Italy—do not refuse. I will not accuse you of indifference to me—I am above such selfishness. The idea that you were performing your duty, and softening the pangs of age and sickness, would encrease my affection for you—Write often to my father.”

“I certainly shall—O my amiable Elinor! you are every way my superior. I have had to-day such proofs of the excellence of your heart, in regard to Foster, and of your fortitude under losses, which would have rendered any other woman unable to support herself, that I know not how to express my admiration of a conduct so noble, so worthy of imitation. I must seem vainly presumptuous, in supposing I can ever deserve so much perfection. Yet, I cannot leave you, perhaps, for months, without



without conjuring you to soften the rigour of a long absence, by promising that I shall, unworthy as I think myself, retain the preference you have hitherto honoured me with."

"I believe, Sir Clement, even should your absence be protracted beyond the two years of your minority, I may venture to promise you the preference you require. There is my hand—it is yours, and only yours. If, at the time you are at liberty to make your choice, you claim it, I am sure I shall not retract from what I now say. In my opinion, promises are not less sacred, because they are not made before an altar—the Omnipresence of the Deity sanctifies them every where. Therefore, I will not suffer *you* to make any; it is against your father's commands to bind yourself in any respect; *mine*, I remember

ber said so—I will not doubt your sincerity; yet, if ever you should change your present sentiments, I shall not condemn you—I shall always esteem you and wish you happy.”

“Talk not of change, my beloved Elinor! I know my own heart and can answer for its constancy. I wish Mr. Clifford were in town—I leave you unprotected and embarrassed.”

“Do not say so, my dear Sir Clement; have you not taken every precaution to secure the house? Have you not enabled me to pay Foster? You leave me safe and happy. My father will come home soon; perhaps, to-morrow; therefore do not be uneasy upon my account, and—let us part—as if—we were to meet again in a day or two.”

Her

Her voice faltered: Sir Clement knew well the delicate motive for her request: he felt himself unable to go through the painful ceremony of a formal adieu — one tender embrace and a mutual promise of fidelity relieved for a moment their aching hearts, and Elinor was able to converse with Mrs. Morley, who attended her to the dressing-room, about the disagreeable event of the preceding night. The good gentlewoman offered to sit up, or sleep on a sofa in her chamber; but Elinor's heart was almost bursting with suppressed grief and she longed to be alone, that she might indulge in a luxury of tears; for which reason, she declined Mrs. Morley's offer and also her assistance in undressing, but wished her good night very affectionately. She then remembered to lock her doors  
carefully,



carefully, and undressed herself, while the tears fell fast upon her trembling hands; nor did she lose her sorrow in a short oblivion, till after the day had dawned upon her aching eyes.

## CHAP. II.

## ALLEVIATION.

POOR ELINOR arose without spirits and sat down to her solitary breakfast without appetite. As she feared the report of the robbery would bring many curious impertinents, to make enquiries and offer officious condolence, she gave strict orders to be denied to every one who called. The light insipid converse of transient visitors was not calculated to soothe the grief of Elinor, over whose mind the absence of Sir Clement Darnley had thrown a gloom that gave a dark shade to all her ideas. *To-day*, she felt that the loss of the plate and  
jewels

jewels was a very *serious* misfortune. She dreaded *now* to see her father, whose return she had so much wished for. She recollected that she had heard the passage to Ireland was very dangerous, though short, and wept lest Lady Stanmore should be cast on the rocks, or sunk among the quicksands.

Melvin-park, that scene of promised pleasure was thought of with horror, and her dresses that were expected yesterday with anxious delight, were received this morning with tearful eyes, and a heart as sad as it was gay and happy when she had ordered them. They were laid in the press without being looked at, and some artificial flowers, from which she had been selecting the most beautiful to take with her, were re-placed in their boxes, in a hasty and careless manner, till she came to a bouquet of roses, myrtle in blossom,



blossom, and a delicate sprig of jasmine, tied together with a blue ribbon. She remembered that Sir Clement had selected those from the heap, and tied them with a ribbon that lay upon her dressing-table, and, putting it in his own bosom, asked her if he had not formed his bouquet with great taste—then, placing it in hers, desired her to wear it sometimes for his sake, as he had formed it emblematical of herself.—Beauty, Modesty, and Love, bound by Constancy. What a treasure did this bouquet appear to Elinor. The restitution of the jewels would not have given her half the pleasure. She kissed it—she put it in her bosom, and, fixing her eyes for some time tenderly on it, gemmed the leaves with her tears. As these flowers were too precious to be mixed with the others, she put them into a box curiously inlaid that just held them, and, going to the piano-forte played

played Sir Clement's song. She attempted to sing it—but that was *impossible*. Mrs. Morley came in and asked her if she would not dress before dinner.

“Dress! my dear Mrs. Morley! For what? I have no-where to go to. I have no one to expect—I shall not change my dress—I will dine in this room—what a dull, cold day it is!”

“My dear young lady, I fear you are ill—the day is very warm and fine.”

“Is it? I wish my father were here; it is very melancholy to eat my meals alone—I am not accustomed to solitude—yet, I should hate to have company.”

“I wish you had gone to Melvin-park to-day, Madam. My master could have  
fol-

followed you—and *there* you would be quite cheerful."

"Oh! do not name Melvin-park, I detest the thought of it—I shall not go thither *now*."

"Not go, Madam! whe you have had so many fine dresses made up on purpose to wear there."

"Odious dresses! I wish I had never ordered them!"

"I hear there is to be great doings in celebration of Lord Melvin's marriage—Ah! Madam, what a pity it is that another wedding could not be celebrated at the same time!"

"What *other* do you mean?"

"Sir



“Sir Clement Darnley’s Madam.”

“With whom, Mrs. Morley?” asked Elinor eagerly, with smiling expectation.

“With your own dear self, Madam : for, we all agree that you and the young baronet were born for each other, and we love him as well as if he was our master already. We love to hear the sound of his voice, he speaks so mild and sweet to every body, and then his own servants give him such an excellent character, and they have lived with him a long time, considering his youth—and, I am sure, a handsomer gentleman cannot be seen.”

“You will not see him this long, long time, my dear Mrs. Morley—his uncle is dangerously ill at Montpelier and  
Sir

Sir Clement set out early this morning to go to him. So, he cannot partake of the amusements which are preparing at Melvin-park—and that is a great disappointment on all sides.”

“So it must, indeed, Madam: I do not wonder you are so dull and can take no pleasure in the thoughts of going there, now that dear gentleman is absent. Do not be ashamed of your tears, my beloved young lady—when the heart is oppressed, crying relieves it.”

“It is very disagreeable for me to dine alone—I wish, my good Mrs. Morley, that you would eat a bit with me—we will have a dumb waiter and be comfortable. It is a sad thing to be unhappy and not to have a friend to speak to—you seem like a mother to me, you have lived with us so long.”

“ I am highly honoured by your condescension, Madam, and flatter myself that I shall have the happiness of making you a little cheerful.”

Mrs. Morley went to give some orders about the dinner—but soon returned with a parcel and said :

“ Mr. Flint begs pardon, Madam, for not delivering this packet sooner, but it came long before you were up, and he laid it by very carefully and forgot it till this minute—Sir Clement Darnley’s servant left it very early this morning.”

“ Sir Clement’s !” said Elinor taking it eagerly. Mrs. Morley modestly left the room. Elinor broke the seals with trembling haste and found—a miniature of her Darnley, on the back of which was a ringlet of his fine hair, tied at  
one



one end with a knot of brilliants, encircling his cypher of the same, upon a blue enamel. It was also superbly framed with brilliants and hung to an elegant gold chain. Nothing could equal the joy and surprise of Elinor, at seeing this charming resemblance of Sir Clement—She put it on her neck with exultation and read the following letter, which accompanied the valuable gift.

“ Will you, amiable Miss Clifford, pardon your Darnley’s presumption, in hoping you will accept his portrait ! it was given to Lesbia, who, on my promising to send her another from Italy, has restored it to me, that, during this unexpected absence, I might leave it to plead, though silently, that the original may never be banished from your heart. She has also kindly bestowed on me a lovely companion which shall never leave my bosom, while it heaves with the  
C 2                      breath

breath of life; one look at the resemblance of my Elinor will soothe my soul to peace, though surrounded by afflictions—Oh! that *mine* possessed the power of a Talisman, that could guard your breast from every sorrow—the chaise is at the door—adieu, most beloved of your sex! and, sometimes, think of Clement Darnley.”

“Think of you! Yes, till I forget myself—I needed not this valued portrait for a remembrancer.—And *you* have got mine! Kind Lady Melvin! little did I think, when I presented my picture to you, that it would be so soon lodged in the bosom of my Darnley.”

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Morley. Elinor showed her the picture and was highly gratified by the praises she bestowed on it. Talk-  
ing

ing of the original, and to the resemblance, passed away the time and restored tranquillity to the mind of Elinor, who retired early to rest and compensated for her want of sleep the preceding night.



## CHAP. III.

## THE FATHER.

MR. CLIFFORD's return, the next morning, gave but a momentary transport to Elinor; for, the great alteration she beheld, both in his looks and manners, gave her the most poignant uneasiness. After affectionately pressing her to his bosom, he threw himself on the sofa, and, hiding his face, sighed deeply. The alarmed Elinor took one of his hands and, kissing it tenderly, said :

“ My dear sir, you are fatigued ; will you not have some refreshment ? ”

“ My

"My mind—my mind is fatigued, Elinor—What will relieve that!"

"Repose, I hope."

"There is no time for it—I must quit England immediately—or be disgraced. I will dispose of all my valuables and hide myself in a distant land, to avoid a *prison*, my child. Sit down Elinor—no wonder you are shocked."

"O, Sir! we have no valuables."

"Yes, yes, my girl, we have plate and jewels—*money*, I have *none*—but am in debt beyond calculation!"

"I have paid some debts, my dear sir, since you have been out of town."

"Where did you get money? And what right had you to pay debts, with-

out my orders? You have ruined me by your officiousness—disappointed me of the sum I expected to find at my bankers—you had drawn it out of his hands—cursed disappointment—whom did you pay with it!”

Elinor's extravagance overwhelmed her with sorrow and confusion. She held down her head and blushed to think how foolishly she had squandered that sum away, and found *this* was not a time to confess her error.

“Why do you not answer me, Elinor, whom did you pay with that money?”

“Sir—I have paid Foster's bills—and I have paid a part of what we owe the butcher.”

“But-



“Butcher’s! cabinet-maker’s! ruination! what could possess you to be guilty of such a folly! to pay these debts of your own head with what would have saved me from my present distress! inconsiderate girl!”

Mr. Clifford quitted the room, leaving poor Elinor in tears. Her soul was truth itself, and the prevarication she was guilty of appeared detestable to her, yet she knew the truth would still more exasperate her father, whose anger was new and dreadful to her. She saw him already oppressed with misery; yet, knew he was not acquainted with the extent of his misfortunes. She sat, absorbed in thought, till the dinner bell roused her. She started at the sound—her eyes were red with weeping—it was some time before she could summon resolution to meet her father—*that father*, whose return she had so much longed

for, was *injured*—was *deceived* by her. How could she meet his penetrating eyes! With slow reluctant steps, she descended the stairs—she opened the parlour with a trembling hand—Lord Felgrove was there, and Elinor, for the first time in her life, was glad to see him. Mr. Clifford had been informed of the robbery and sat in gloomy silence, while his lordship endeavoured in the most reasonable and friendly manner to reconcile him to so great a loss. But, if Elinor was pleased with his behaviour to her father, she was more than ever disgusted with his free impertinence and confident assurance, in regard to herself, which made her quit the table sooner than usual after dinner—grieved to see her father too much absorbed in trouble, to check a behaviour that she thought insolent and unfeeling.

When

When Elinor had left the room, Lord Felgrove endeavoured by some ill-timed sallies of merriment to divert Mr. Clifford; but, finding those were ineffectual; he assumed a graver turn and said:

“My dear Mr. Clifford, you are a man of sense—a man of the world—and ought not to be so depressed. Do not thus give way to fruitless melancholy. Rouse yourself, and rely on my friendship—it is in my power to re-establish your credit and fortune, if you will give me leave.”

“It is impossible—I am too deeply involved, and have now no resource, not even a temporary one to extricate me.”

“Yes, you have—are you not the undoubted heir to a rich old baronet, on whose estate you can raise what sum



you please, to supply your present exigences--and I will get you immediately appointed plenipotentiary to a foreign court. That appointment will remove you out of the reach of your creditors; and, till your departure, you shall be secured from them by residing in my house. Lady Surface, who, you know, lives in the first style of elegance, will be happy to have Miss Clifford's company, during your absence, and I will take care to support her, in every respect, like your daughter. Thus, my dear friend, every thing may be accommodated to our mutual interest and satisfaction, without the least shadow of disgrace. To-morrow, the necessary arrangements shall take place."

"*Now*—this instant—my injured honor can admit of no delay—Go, arrange your own affairs; make yourself ready to give a father the only satisfaction in your power,

power, for daring to suppose, even for a moment, that he will be supported by his daughter's infamy—You know that I am no stranger to the character of Lady Surface, and I am *now* no stranger to *yours*—go—prepare to *die*—for, heaven will surely guide my arm to avenge the cause of my virtuous child, who will starve in a prison with her father, and triumph in poverty, rather than comply with your villainous proposal and live in splendour. To-morrow morning, at six o'clock, I will meet you, behind the powder magazine, in Hyde-park, with my pistols and one servant, my faithful Anderson, whom you know."

"Proud—foolish man! Is this treatment for your *only* friend? I thought you knew the world—but I find you are misled by a phantom which the weak-minded only call *honour*! You shall have your way—I will meet you  
and

and take your life, or leave you to disgraceful penury—to scorn and imprisonment.”

“Leave me, now—I have not time to talk.”

“Damnation! that a man, so overwhelmed by ruin, should scorn the friendly hand that is held out to save him.”

“Friendly! no; you have thrown off your disguise, and, I behold a monster that shocks me. I have too long been blinded by your specious arts—but now, when you wish to exhibit *me* a spectacle of derision to mankind, I will show you that I can revenge my wrongs and crush you into nothing.”

“In that, you may be mistaken,—and, if I survive, Elinor Clifford will  
be



be wiser that her father, and accept the offered protection of Lady Surface. You know the rest—so, farewell, ungrateful Clifford ! till ~~for~~ to-morrow.”

Lord Felgrove left the room, with a smile of contempt, and, humming a lively tune, as he went through to the hall, gaily called for his carriage and ordered it to the opera.

When Elinor heard he was gone, she went to her father—he was leaning on the table, his hand covered his face. She spoke twice—he did not answer. She went close to him and said tenderly :

“ My *dear* father, speak to me ; I fear you are ill.”

He started up hastily, and, still concealing his face, hurried out of the  
6 room,

room, unable to suppress a heart-rending sigh, that echoed from the bosom of his distressed Elinor, who followed him to the door of the library, and, catching his hand, conjured him to speak to her. He pressed her fondly to his bosom—kissed her several times—then, pushing her gently from him, shut the door without speaking. Elinor, a little cheered by his paternal caresses, waited patiently in her dressing-room, till the usual hour for tea, and then sent to know if he would have any. The servant brought her the following note.

My Dear Child,

I have letters of great importance to write this evening; therefore, cannot enjoy your company—nor must I be interrupted. I will ring, if I want any thing

thing to refresh me. May heaven for ever bless and protect you, my beloved Elinor, prays your most

Affectionate Father,

CHARLES CLIFFORD.

Elinor was pleased at this kind note; it proved that her father was not *very* angry at her—and, upon reflection, she did not wonder that the great loss he had just been made acquainted with, as well as embarrassing debts, should oppress his spirits, which she hoped would be better when he had come to some settlement with his Steward; for, still she thought that it could only be a temporary distress, occasioned by the expences of the election. She knew people of fashion frequently went abroad to retrench, and that France or Italy were generally chosen  
for



for their residence. She was sure her father would take her with him, and that he would seek Mr. Darnley and Sir Clement, and, either reside near, or travel with them, as their society would render a strange country agreeable. Thus, did Elinor endeavour to extract comfort from distress—while poor Mr. Clifford, distracted by his fears on her account, most pathetically recommended her to the protection of his uncle Sir Gervas, in case of his death, or his quitting the kingdom; for, he had not the least idea of taking Elinor with him, as he knew his circumstances would not admit of her travelling with the accommodation her sex required. He mentioned the unpardonable affront he had received from Lord Felgrove as a just cause for the duel, and gave his uncle a confidential account of the immense expences the election had unwarily drawn him into, and the embarrassment  
*that*

*that* and the robbery had involved him in. This letter finished, he sent it off in a parcel, by the Yarmouth mail-coach, to be forwarded with all expedition to Clifford Priory. He then made his *will*, and wrote a long letter to his daughter. At five o'clock, he called Anderson, to whom he gave all the instructions that the awful business they were going upon required. He then loaded his pistols, and, telling the man to follow him, went softly down stairs, and opening the area door, passed that way to the stables of the next house, through which they were led the shortest way to Hyde-park.

## CHAP. IV.

## INTOXICATION.

MR. CLIFFORD had not waited long at the appointed spot, before Lord Felgrove made his appearance, accompanied by his servant. His face was flushed—his steps were unsteady. As he drew near, he exclaimed :

“Have at you, Clifford! I never was in a better humour for a duel in my life. Here I stand, ready for you—good man of honour, fire away!—What the Devil do you hesitate for?—Will you accept my proposals like an honest reason-



reasonable fellow? If so, I will shake hands with you. Are we friends again?"

"No, my Lord; but *you* are not in a condition to fight, and *I* am too much a man of honour to take advantage of your present situation."

"Situation! zounds! sir; what do you mean? Not in a condition to fight! when I have been sitting up all night, with some jovial fellows—and have been drinking brandy, this morning!"

' Since a man can die  
Much bolder with brandy,  
I drank it by bumpers;  
And now, I can stand the test:  
Tol, lol de rol.'

He staggered about finging, with a pistol in each hand, keeping off his own servant who, in vain, attempted, several times, to take them from him. Mr.  
Clif-

Clifford's humanity compelled him to take every method that he thought would make Lord Felgrove give up his pistols, as he feared some unforeseen mischief would happen, from their remaining in the hands of an intoxicated man: and, giving his own to his servant, insisted on his lordship's doing the same, but to no purpose, he only grew outrageous and threatened to shoot them all; upon which, Mr. Clifford told Dundand, my Lord's servant, that, as he behaved like a madman, they must treat him as such, and endeavour to force the pistols out of his hand. The furious Felgrove, hearing what he said, exclaimed:

"Say you so, Clifford? Then take *this*—and *this*."

He fired both the pistols at once, with too sure an aim, and shot both Mr. Clifford

Clifford and Dutand, as they were each laying hold of him in order to disarm him—they *fell*—and his Lordship said :

“ What the Devil do *you* fall for, Dutand ? I have not killed you ! I came to shoot Clifford, and see, I have done it. Huzza ! now, I will take possession of his daughter. Get up, man—hallo ! hallo ! are you asleep, Dutand ? ”

Poor Anderson was now greatly embarrassed, how to secure Lord Felgrove, and take the necessary care of his master and Dutand ; when some soldiers came from the powder-magazine, having heard the report of the pistols. He desired them to secure the murderer, while he examined the wounded.

The ball had entered Mr. Clifford's breast ; but his pulse still beat—and, upon being raised up gently, he recovered



vered strength enough to say faintly.

“ Stop the blood, Anderson—and let me be supported to the coach—that I may—die—in my own house—I think I may live a little while—discharge the pistols which I gave you—lest they should do you mischief.”

Anderson did what he was desired and the second report brought more people to the spot. He carefully put his master's handkerchief over the wound and likewise his own cravat, then wrapt the great coat tight round and fastened it with a belt which one of the soldiers gave him. Dutand was quite dead—he received the contents of one pistol in his head which was shattered to pieces. The sight of his murdered servant and his own seizure sobered Felgrove to a sense of his guilt. Dutand was a great favourite—he had been the encourager

courager of all his vices, and for this, he was esteemed by his Lord as a most faithful domestic. His dreadful fate, given by his own hand, rendered him, therefore, as frantic *now*, from grief and remorse, as he was before, from intoxication. He execrated himself—tore open his waistcoat, and would have destroyed his own life, could he have got at the means. Anderson gave his address to the guards in whose custody he was, and, at Mr. Clifford's request, desired he might be treated in every respect according to his rank: then, leaving him and the body of the unfortunate Dutand to the care of some of the spectators, he was assisted by others to convey his master to Grosvenor-gate, where a hackney-coach waited, and the movement of which, at the slowest rate, Mr. Clifford bore without suffering so much as he expected. By his own desire, he was put into bed, and Dr. R—, who

was both his friend and physician, sent for,—without alarming Elinor, who, he begged, might not be informed of his being wounded, till she arose at her usual hour. Dr. R. came immediately and brought with him a skilful surgeon, who found it impossible to extract the balls. When the wound was dressed, Dr. R. told Anderson and Mrs. Morley that he must be kept as quiet as possible, and not be ruffled by an interview with his daughter, to whom the doctor entreated they would soften the melancholy event; for, though he feared the wound was mortal, yet nothing could be ascertained till the next dressing.

Poor Mrs. Morley started and trembled, at the sound of Elinor's bell. She dreaded the melancholy task she had to perform—and dried her eyes—and wept again several times, before she could take courage to enter the chamber; but, when



when she would have said, good morning! her voice faltered so much, that Elinor asked hastily:

"What is the matter? dear Mrs. Morley, why are you so agitated? Have you heard any bad news of Sir Clement Darnley? Speak—tell me"

"No, Madam, I have not."

"Of my poor aunt, perhaps; is the vessel cast away?"

"Lady Stanmore is hardly out at sea yet—but my master is—"

She sobbed and could not proceed.

"Is he gone to prison, Mrs. Morley? Have the merciless creditors carried away my father? Whither have they taken him?—Order the coach—my

chair—any thing that will convey me to him. O! my dear, *dear* father! you shall not stay in prison by yourself, to—I will live there with you—do not sit crying, my good Mrs. Morley—get your cloak and bonnet, you shall go with me—come—do as I bid you.”

“ Ah! my dearest young lady—I wish to God he was in a prison; and in perfect health; we would go to him joyfully—but alas! he is ill ——”

“ Ill! O tell me! I fear he is very bad, indeed!—by your distress—I must see him.”

“ Stop, dearest madam—do not go—she must be kept very quiet—Dr. R. says so.”

“ What! my father so very ill—the doctor sent for—and *I* not awakened! cruel

cruel Mrs. Morley ! why were you so negligent ?”

“ By my master’s orders. He feared to make you uneasy.”

“ What is his disorder ? How was he taken ?—suddenly ?”

“ Yes, madam ; with a pain in his side.”

“ That is not dangerous, I hope—I will not be kept from him—who is so proper to stay with my father—I can wait on him in silence—shall a child desert the sick-bed of a parent ? Of such a dear tender parent who would watch by mine ? I *will* go to him.”

“ Indeed you must not ; Dr. R. has particularly desired that we would not let you go to him, lest the seeing of you



should cause emotions that will be very dangerous in his present critical state."

Elinor left the room—Mrs. Morley followed, exclaiming:

"Dear, dear Miss Clifford, stop: where are you going?"

"Into the library—to be near my father."

## CHAP. V.

## AFFECTION AND DUTY.

ELINOR flew lightly down stairs and glided into the room with the swiftness and silence of an aerial being. It was dark. Mrs. Morley opened the shutters, and the first object Elinor beheld was, her father's clothes still wet with his blood. She gazed on them for some time, in unutterable anguish—then, falling down by the side of them, cried :

“O! my father! my father! is it possible! have you forsaken your Elinor! this is too—*too* much—I cannot  
D 4 support

support the horror of this sight—I am sick—*very* sick.”

She fainted on the clothes, which had been carelessly thrown into that room by the servant, as soon as they were taken off—Mrs. Morley applied the usual means a long time before Elinor recovered, and, when she did, it was to such heart-rending misery—such wild terror, that the good woman was alarmed for her reason—and, seeing the letter Mr. Clifford had written, lying on the table, she said:

“Here is a letter for you, madam! endeavour to compose yourself; perhaps it is necessary that you should read it immediately.”

Elinor snatched it eagerly—“It is my father’s hand!” she kissed it—pressed it to her bosom—when, as she was going



to open it, the large black seal made her shudder with apprehension. Mrs. Morley had assured her he was not dead—this fable badge told her that he *was*—A dismal groan from the next room made her throw down the letter, and start from the sofa on which she was sitting—she darted to the door. Mrs. Morley caught her hand, just as she touched the lock.

“For heaven’s sake! Miss Clifford, do not go in.”

Elinor paused, and trembled—Mr. Clifford groaned again—she rushed into the chamber—Anderson was at the side of the bed—she heard his master in a weak voice say :

“Give me some drink, Anderson!”

She dropped on her knees and, clasping her hands, ejaculated :

“ Thank heaven ! he lives ! my father lives—he speaks ! he will speak to *me*—he will bless his Elinor.”

Tears now came to her relief. She strove to stifle her sobs in Mrs. Morley’s bosom—Mr. Clifford heard her and said :

“ Elinor—my darling Elinor, come to your father—be composed, my child—all will be well—I am easier than I was—I shall be better soon.”

“ I hope so—I hope so—but let me stay by you, my beloved father—I will be very watchful and silent—do not deny me the tender office of being your nurse.”

“ It

“It will be too melancholy a task for you, my love—too fatiguing. It will impair your spirits, and your health, my Elinor.”

“O, Sir! can I have spirits or health, if I am banished from you? I can soothe the pangs you suffer by the gentlest care and unremitting attention. Indulge me with your consent, my father—permit me to fulfil the duty of a daughter.”

“You shall, my angel! bless and comfort the last hours of my life. I cannot talk—have you read the letter?”

“Not yet, Sir.”

“Go then, my darling and read it—Anderson will tell you what has happened since I wrote it—by and by, per-



haps, I shall be able to talk to you with less pain."

Elinor smoothed his pillow—watered his face with her tears, as she kissed him tenderly—received a fervent blessing, and softly quitted the bed to read the letter—whose awful exterior had so much intimidated her before. She hastily tore off the sable seal—threw it into the fire, and then read as follows :

"My most tenderly beloved child! before you read this, your affectionate father will be no more. Show your regard to my memory, not by a childish indulgence of fruitless sorrow, but by a calm and steady performance of what I conjure you to observe in this posthumous advice, which is all that I can bequeath you.

Go immediately to your uncle, Sir Gervas Clifford, who is prepared to receive you—and, however parsimonious you may find his manner of living—however disagreeable his temper—stay with him—make Clifford Priory your only asylum, till Sir Clement Darnley can marry you; for, that he *will*—I rely on his love and his honour. Have patience then, my dearest girl, to put up with *all*, which, I know, will be very unpleasant to you, till that period, in consideration of the safe and respectable protection you will find under the roof of your ancestors' mansion. Do not let any persuasions induce you to throw yourself from your uncle's guardianship, as you value the *last* request of a father, who has ever found you submissive and obedient—It is only, in a perfect confidence of your acquiescence to this arrangement for your future fame, interest, and security, that I can find

find peace of mind in this awful space between me and eternity.

I go, by my own appointment, to chastise a villain—or, to fall by his hand. Honour impels me to act in this manner, to avenge myself for all the injuries I have sustained from an artful designing wretch, who has, I have every reason *now* to think, *premeditatedly* plunged me into ruin, as he has since, with insolent effrontry, offered me affluence, places, and pensions—yes, my virtuous child, he dared to insult your father by a proposal that even hell must start at—but—Felgrove is—*himself*—nothing can be more abhorrent—he proposed my leaving England, in a high diplomatic capacity, while *he* supported *you* in that temple of luxury, the gay, but scandalous mansion of the indiscreet Lady Surface! Shun her—avoid her as you would a crocodile—she has  
the



the art of Circe—guard against her wiles. I need not caution you against Felgrove, he cannot openly approach the daughter of a man whom he has slain—but Oh! I fear he will endeavour to ensnare you by stratagems. Be upon your guard, my Elinor—fly to your uncle, who knows all these particulars—and who, with all his oddities, is a man of strict honour—I cannot conclude this letter, without apologizing as concisely as possible, for my own thoughtless conduct, which has reduced my dear and only child to a state of dependance. Relying too much on the fortune I was heir to, at the death of Sir Gervas, I spent freely—my sister's riches helped to support my state, and I was sure that she would never let my credit suffer, as she could assist me till the demise of my uncle, without injuring herself, as then I could repay her amply. The putting up for Shrewsbury, through  
the

the persuasions of Felgrove, and the base chicanery of the vile set he employed in that cursed affair, with the still viler gamblers, by whom I was fleeced at his house, precipitated my ruin. Lady Stanmore's marriage destroyed all my hopes of assistance from *her*, and the finding my house plundered at my return to it, threw me into a despair so stupifying, that it encouraged Felgrove to discover himself to me in his blackest colours.

Be *cautious*, my Elinor; do not place too great a confidence in the servants. Anderson and Mrs. Morley are, I think, above being bribed—they may be trusted. Doctor R. is my executor—he is a truly amiable man. You will find in him a sincere friend and an excellent adviser—yet, remember that you will not be safe, till you are in Clifford Priory—there, though you will experience a  
sad

sad reverse from the gaiety and splendor you have been accustomed to, tranquillity and the beauties of nature will, I hope, in some degree, compensate for amusements and the gay scenes of fashion—Farewell my child! my soul's darling! think with tenderness of the memory of a father, who doated on you—who gloried in dying the champion of your honour, and whose latest breath was spent in fervent prayers, that heaven may bless and protect you more effectually than your affectionate, but unfortunate, father,

CHARLES CLIFFORD.

Elinor most fervently pressed the signature with her lips, and said:

“You are not dead, my beloved father! heaven has preserved you—heaven *will* preserve you, to bless and protect



test your Elinor. Ah! and is it for me that you now suffer such anguish? Merciful God! pour balm into his wounds—let me not be the wretched, though innocent, cause of my father's death! O spare him! spare him—take him not from me ——!”

She could not proceed—grief choked her utterance. She put the sacred letter in her bosom, and, when she was a little recovered, she called Anderson to her, and, placing herself where she could see her father's bed and hear if he moved, or spoke, she desired to be informed of all that passed between Lord Felgrove and him. Anderson obeyed, and, in a very low voice, gave her a particular account of the transactions of the morning. During the recital, what contempt did she feel for that disgrace to humanity, the depraved Felgrove! What exultation at the honourable and  
manly

manly conduct of her father! and with what horror did she hear of the miserable and sudden death of Dutand! when Anderson ceased, she said:

“Where is the wretch—the murderer?”

“In custody, madam, and he will certainly be executed, even though my *master* should recover. It will not be the poor excuse of intoxication that will save him; no, thank God! servants have the laws of their country to do them justice—to redress their grievances, and to revenge their deaths.”

“Certainly, it is very fit they should: but must not you appear to give evidence against this unworthy Lord?”

“I must madam, and also those who came to us when he fired.”

“Write

“Write down the true state of this sad affair, just as you have told it to me, and I will have it published in all papers, or there will be various false accounts circulated by to-morrow. I can sit by my father, while you write, and the good Doctor R. will manage the rest for me.”

“Do *you* know, madam, the cause of the quarrel between my master and his Lordship? For I think *that* ought to be mentioned, or reports will still be raised which have no foundation.”

“They may so,” said Elinor, blushing at the real cause—“Do not *you* know, Anderson? for, I imagine it must have originated from some disagreement in Shropshire. Did you hear of any?”

“No,



“No, madam; yet, it is most likely that it did: for, I am certain my master was very ill used in that unfortunate election business—and, I assure you, there was an infamous set of black-legs and sharpers, at his Lordship’s house, who were too knowing for my master, and, I am sure, he had great reason to resent Lord Felgrove’s permitting them to be there, while my master was his guest. They were not fit companions for him—a parcel of scoundrels—it is a pity they should not swing by the side of him who encouraged them to cheat my master; for, *that* I’ll lay my life they did.”

Elinor was pleased to find that Anderson was a stranger to the true cause of her father’s resentment against Lord Felgrove, as she thought it reflected dishonour upon herself; and, as Durand was dead, to whom alone she supposed  
he

he would have made known his criminal intentions, she most sincerely hoped they would never transpire, and she desired Anderson, at all events, to make the *election* the source of the duel.

## CHAP. VI.

## THE PHYSICIAN.

THE mind of Elinor was greatly relieved, when she found the blood which so much shocked her, had not been shed by her father's own hand; for, *that*, when first she saw his clothes, she thought was the case. She sat down close to the bed, and was happy to see him in an easy sleep. During this pause, from the terrors by which she had been agitated, she strove to arrange her confused thoughts, and soothe them with the flattering hopes of her father's recovery, till she was alarmed by high words in the hall. She trembled lest the noise should



should disturb his father, and observed with a mixture of surprise and pleasure that, though the tumult increased, he did not awaken, and concluded this profound sleep was caused by a composing draught. Dreading that the tumult would rouse him and destroy its effect, she went into the library, in order to send Anderson to silence the inconsiderate people who talked so loud, but he was not there. She called him—she rang the bell—no one answered. She listened at the door—too many were talking at a time for her to distinguish the cause of the dispute. She went back to her father—he still lay composed. Again, she returned to the library, and, venturing to open the door softly, beheld Mrs. Morley in tears, and heard her say :

“ Surely, Mr. Freehold, you will not be so inhuman as to put an execution  
into

into the house, while my poor master is dying. For God's sake! have patience; depend upon it, that, when he is dead, his uncle Sir Gervas Clifford, will take care of his affairs, and pay every body their due."

Elinor shut the door and went to her father. Her tears fell fast on the bed, while, bending over him, she said to herself:

"He will not die—Mrs. Morley is mistaken—she has not seen him in this sweet sleep."

She sunk down upon her knees, and ardently prayed that this sleep might be restorative. Dr. R. came in—she arose, and, catching hold of his hand, she fixed her streaming eyes on his face, but was not able to utter the questions she was so anxious to ask him. The

doctor saw the state Mr. Clifford was in, and silently led her into the library. He respectfully kissed her hand, and looking at her with paternal affection, said :

“ Amiable Miss Clifford, I will not be so unfeeling as to desire you to restrain your tears ; no, my dear Lady, indulge them—they do not flow without a cause.”

He paused—tremblingly, she said :

“ Is my father in danger, Sir ?”

“ It would be unkind to flatter you with false hopes—it is my duty to prepare you for the worst.”

She clasped her hands and looked up to heaven, still petitioning for her father's restoration. Dr. R. went into the  
the



the chamber—Anderson was by the bed, and said:

“I believe, Sir—my master does not breathe.”

“You are right, my friend. I found the dutiful daughter praying by the side of a dead father, whom she still thinks to be alive. The balls, which could not be extracted, caused an immediate mortification, and that stupor in which he had expired.”

The doctor gave the necessary orders to Anderson, and returned to Miss Clifford, who addressed him with an eager and expressive—“*Well, Sir?*”

“I wish Lady Stanmore were here; her company would be some consolation to you.”

“ My aunt is not so able to support melancholy scenes as myself; she would have been in fits perhaps all the morning, and I should have had her to nurse, as well as my father. I am glad she went away before this sad affair—Mrs. Morley is a prudent motherly woman. I shall find great comfort and assistance in her.”

“ Yet, I think you had better come to my house. You shall be as retired as you please. My wife and daughters will do all in their power to soothe your affliction and assist you in the melancholy, but necessary, preparation—it is *now* your *first* and *only* duty to take care of *yourself*.”

“ How Sir! what do you mean? Surely it cannot be! no, no; it is impossible.”

She

She was going hastily into the chamber—the doctor prevented her.

“Stay, my dear Miss Clifford, stay here—be resigned—your father had expired before I came. I hardly expected to find him alive. How easy must his last moments have been, when you, who were close to him, did not know he was dead.”

“Dead! no, Sir. Death is very terrible. Indeed you are mistaken, come and look at him earnestly, as I did, and be convinced.”

The doctor bid Anderson call Mrs. Morley, and led Elinor to the bed.

“See, doctor—is not that a calm composed sleep—he has slept a long time—I wish he would awaken to have his medicine.”



She gently touched his hand—then his face, and exclaiming :

“ Oh ! it is true !—too true !—he is cold—Oh ! God ! my *father* is *dead* !”

She sunk down by his side—Mrs. Morley came in, and the doctor desired that Elinor might be put to bed immediately. She was carried to her own chamber, in a state of insensibility. The good doctor watched over her, and had the satisfaction of seeing her shed abundance of tears, which he endeavoured to promote—then, leaving her to the care of Mrs. Morley, he went to Anderson, who gave him Mr. Clifford’s will, which was thus addressed :

“ To my esteemed and honoured uncle, Sir Gervas Clifford, bart. and my worthy friend Dr. R. whom I appoint executors to this my last will, and guardians

dians and trustees for my only and most beloved child, Elinor Clifford, during her minority, or till the day of her marriage."

The will was drawn up in all the proper forms, sealed and witnessed. In consideration of the great age of Sir Gervas, and his constant residence being so far from the metropolis, Mr. Clifford requested Dr. R. to be the acting executor, and, in case of his uncle's death, left him sole guardian of Elinor, whom he solemnly intreated to reside with Sir Gervas Clifford, till her marriage, or, if he died before that period, with Dr. R. He mentioned several considerable sums owing to him in Bengal, and named a gentleman who was his agent there. He declared himself quite free from all debts, commonly called debts of honour, and desired those of every other kind might be paid with the money

arising from the sale of all his goods and chattels, the whole or in part, as far as it would go, and the remainder to rest till the money arrived from Bengal, and then, be paid with full interest from the day of his death. He desired Dr. R. previous to the sale of his books, to accept 24 volumes to be chosen by himself, and he likewise bequeathed him a small collection of natural curiosities. To his sister and the Colonel, in token of his forgiveness, he left a ring each, with sincere wishes that their clandestine marriage might prove a happy one. And, then continued in these words, "To the truly amiable and dearly beloved son of my choice, Sir Clement Darnley, bart. I leave my most fervent blessing—my sword ornamented with gems—a brace of curiously inlaid pistols, and a mourning ring, with my hair to be plaited with some of my wife's, which Elinor knows where to find, to whose taste I leave



leave the decoration of it, with some unset brilliants and amethysts she will find in one of the drawers in my library table." To Anderson he left all his wearing apparel; the gold buckles he commonly wore, and his watch—and he gave strict orders that his funeral might be frugal and private.

In the evening, Dr. R. assembled the creditors and read them that part of the will concerning the debts. The doctor's character was too well known for them to doubt his justice. Mr. Freehold withdrew the execution, and they all promised to be contented with whatever arrangement the doctor found necessary.

Mr. Foster, who had just been paid for furnishing the spacious apartments in the most splendid manner, now came to measure the lifeless owner of them for his *last* dark narrow bed and to take

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directions

directions for his humble funeral. When Dr. R. had settled these affairs, he requested permission to drink tea with Miss Clifford, in her dressing room, and had the pleasure to find her tranquil. After being satisfied in regard to the creditors, particularly Freehold, whose proceedings had greatly alarmed her, she said :

“ Then I shall not be turned out of the house—I may stay quietly here, till my uncle sends for me ? ”

“ Mrs. R. and my daughters entreat that you will reside with them, till you go to Norfolk ; and not continue in this house, where every thing you hear and see will renew your affliction.”

“ My dear Sir, the ladies and you are very kind : but my grief requires indulgence—the restraint which politeness would

would force me to lay upon it, in your house, would be very, *very* painful to me. Before this dreadful morning, my heart was filled with many sorrows—and *now*, it swells almost to bursting —”

she paused and wept: “ My good Mrs. Morley will let me pour my affliction into her bosom—and I shall be relieved. You will not, I hope, think me obstinate or ungrateful—indeed I am not—I am impressed with a due sense of your goodness to me.”

“ You talk like a reasonable sensible lady, my dear Miss Clifford, and compel me to be of your opinion—restraint would injure your health—you shall act as you think most conducive to your ease.”

“ Thank you, sir—and will you say every thing for me to the dear ladies, that gratitude can dictate ?”



“ I will, depend upon it.”

“ And now, fir, tell me what I am to do ? There are sad, but necessary, orders to be given. I will exert myself and endeavour to behave with propriety—fear not to direct me—if I give way to stupid negligence, I shall disobey my father’s *last* injunctions—in this letter written only last night, he says : ‘ show your regard to my memory, not by a childish indulgence of fruitless grief, but by a calm and steady performance of what I conjure you to observe.’ ”

She hid her face with her handkerchief, and the picture of Sir Clement, which she had pulled out of her bosom with the letter, glittered in the eyes of Dr. R.—he saw whose it was, and said :

“ That

“That expressive resemblance reminds me that I must write to the original. I have already written to Sir Gervas, and, to-night, I will begin a letter to Sir Clement Darnley.”

“Oh! no, Sir! Do not add my troubles to his own.—If his uncle should die he will return to England immediately—if Mr. Darnley be better, he must accompany him to Italy—why should we render his journey unpleasant, by informing him of my misery, for which I know his sympathetic heart will grieve sincerely?”

“The English papers will inform him of Mr. Clifford’s death, and *I*, as his acting executor, must endeavour to be beforehand with them. The legacy your father has left him, and the paternal manner in which he has mentioned him, ought to be communicated immediately; the  
7 least

least neglect would be unpardonable—I must also write to Lady Stanmore.

“I shall leave the will with you till to-morrow, when I will see you again, and call upon you for your promised exertion. Endeavour to eat and sleep, that your mind may be invigorated. I have given Mrs. Morley a few charges concerning you, and beg that you will show some regard to us both, by complying with the requests she will make in my name.”

Elinor bowed—and the doctor took his leave. For some time, Mrs. Morley would not interrupt her tears. She then began to talk of Sir Clement Darnley—his pleasing manners—his goodness to his servants, and mentioned various trifles concerning him, which she knew would be agreeable to Elinor; and, when she had thus diverted her thoughts from



from the dead to the living, she prevailed on her to eat some minced chicken and drink a little wine.

When Mrs. Morley rang for things to be taken away, Elinor said: "Is that James?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Tell poor Anderson, who has had a sad day, that I desire he will go to bed; and do you, James, with Robert, sit up. I suppose two will be enough—will you, Mrs. Morley, have the goodness to sleep in my room to-night?"

"Certainly, Madam—I was going to propose it."

"Let the sofa-bed be brought out of my aunt's closet, and got ready for you

you—we will burn a light — Death, at all times, is very awful; even when it approaches by the gentle decline of age. Such, I remember, was my grandfather's—daily and hourly was his end expected—but the sudden and violent hand of *murder* gives no warning—my father dined with me yesterday—and *now*, he lies a mangled corpse! His murderer dined with me, too—I helped him—drank wine to the health of him, who, this morning, killed my father——

“O! God of mercy! forgive me, if I am sometimes rash and impatient. Mine is no common grief—it rends my heart—it fills my soul with terror. The more I think, the more my reason forfakes me. Oh! I cannot support the horror of this dreadful night—I feel—I *feel* that I *cannot* support it.”

“I hope

"I hope you will sleep, Madam."

"Sleep! no, no; I will sit by my father—he is in bed. I will sit by him and forget that he is dead. Go, Mrs. Morley—tell the men that you and I will set up."

"Pardon me, Madam, if in this I must disobey you. Recollect yourself, my dear young lady. You know it is our duty to endure the severest calamities with resignation—we ought not to *forget* them. Your father is dead—he was a most affectionate parent to you—this is the first night of your going to rest—without a father. To-morrow, you will awaken to a severe sense of your loss. God forbid I should see you insensible of it."

Mrs.



Mrs. Morley's speech had the desired effect. Elinor was softened—tears calmed the wild agony of her mind, and she silently obeyed the dictates of reason and propriety.

## CHAP. VII.

## THE VOW.

THE melancholy Elinor arose at the first dawn of day, and took out of her wardrobe the birth-day suit, the beautiful dresses she appeared in at Lady Melvin's marriage, and those made up for the rural festival. How did the splendid heap dazzle in her tearful eyes and wound her aching heart! these glittering robes brought to her remembrance the days of happiness and splendor, that were never to return; and the painful reflection on the vast sum she should have to pay for them almost  
distracted

distracted her. After a little consideration, she determined, if possible, to conceal her extravagance and prevail on Mrs. Le B—— to dispose of them for her, and also of all the ornaments, which, during a long mourning, would lose their beauty and fashion.

She had a profusion of beautiful muslin dresses and fine linen that she knew would be useful to her, if she lived, and Sir Clement Darnley threw a bright gleam over a distant prospect, on which she could, even now, gaze without wishing for death. From this profusion, she selected just what would be sufficient for her present use, and laid the rest ready to be packed up.

It was with great regret that she could think of parting with an elegant set of dressing plate, which had been her mother's. Mr. Clifford desired her to



to keep it always in *use*, in remembrance of that mother. Yet, she thought justice now obliged her to sell it, and also her pearls, for which she hoped to get an additional sum. She wished also to take money with her to Clifford Priory—but, whose could she take?—the creditors had a right to *all*, and she herself must be destitute.

Wearied with the task she had performed, and still more wearied with a succession of miserable thoughts, she sat down to peruse her father's will. The well-known hand—the paternal expressions on the outside, obliged her to lay it down, till she could recover sight to read it. She dried her eyes—she took courage to open it—and read calmly, till Sir Clement was mentioned. That interesting part caused the most tender and grateful sensations. It sanctioned her love—it made her feel already the  
wife

wife of Darnley—she sunk down upon her knees; and exclaimed with enthusiastic ardour :

“ Yes, sacred spirit of my *dear* father ! the son of your choice shall be the husband of mine. Here, in the sight of heaven, I most solemnly vow that no change—no circumstance whatever shall induce me to bestow my hand in marriage to any other than Sir Clement Darnley.”

She arose with a calm dignity—perfectly satisfied with the vow she had made, and finished reading the will, just as Mrs. Morley entered with the breakfast; after which, she sent for Mrs. Le B——, who came immediately and the robes of nuptial festivity were sent away unworn, and solemn funeral ones ordered in their stead—when this disagreeable busi-

business was settled, Elinor said to Mrs. Morley :

“ Is my father in his coffin ? ”

“ In the leaden one Madam ; the other is not finished.”

“ Then, I will not see him—as I wish to preserve the impression of a *sleeping* father, upon my mind, not a *dead* one. As he will not lie in state, do not let him be exposed to the curious. I will have no strangers admitted to see him. Pray, Mrs. Morley, go immediately and give my positive orders about *that*.” When Mrs. Morley returned, Elinor continued : “ I suppose a thousand impertinent people will come to the door, to make unnecessary inquiries. Oh ! how I now feel the fluttering insignificance of a fashionable life, in which  
we



we had many *visitors* but no *friends*.—Friendship, I imagine, is only to be found, only to be cultivated, in small select circles, not amidst the scenes of dissipation—the gay multitude my aunt was so fond of. How will that gay multitude divide themselves into unfeeling groupes, and talk over the sad event of yesterday, in a lighter manner than they would criticise on a new opera! I think I hear them—and gaily condemning *me* to poverty and solitude—to be rusticated forever with my old uncle in Clifford-Priory—and giving Sir Clement Darnley to every girl of fortune they have seen him converse with, or even look at. Oh! I know them! I *know* them! I have seen them rejoice in other people's misfortunes, and am sure they will do the same by *mine*."

"I thought

“I thought my master had several very intimate friends.”

“Yes—*Felgrove* was one of them—I have lived, alas! long enough to learn, that fashionable *friends* are disguised enemies. I hope, Sir Clement Darnley is an *exception*—Dr. R. too, is another. He is an honour, not only to his profession, but to society. Were I to stay in town, I should like to reside in his house—I should be happy with his amiable family; but—I *must* go to Clifford-Priory—Well! It will suit my melancholy state of mind.”

Dr. R. was announced, and, after the usual kind enquiries, he said:

“I have just received a letter, Miss Clifford, from a friend of mine, who has been abroad, requesting me to hire a house and purchase furniture for him

immediately, and also to fix a certain number of servants in it, to make the necessary preparations for his reception. This is the vicinity he mentions—the size and rent of this house—the quality of the furniture—all correspond with the commission he has given me. Therefore, without the disagreeable circumstance of a public sale, and the necessity of selling such elegant and fashionable goods and adornments for half their value, we can, if you please, dispose of them in a quiet and advantageous manner—and for immediate payment as I am to draw upon his banker for any sum I want. He leaves every thing to me, without restriction, and I know the taste of both him and his lady. Whatever is in the first style of fashion will be sure to please them.”

“How extremely fortunate this is! I have all the bills for furnishing the  
princi-



principal rooms, and from them you will know how to set a value on the furniture, it is in excellent preservation. Freehold will be easy, if he has the prospect of a good tenant—when is your friend expected, Sir?”

“He is now at Bath, and only waits till I let him know a house is ready for him in town.”

“I shall quit *this*, the minute I receive my uncle’s permission to live a Clifford Priory.”

Elinor looked around her—the tears fell upon her bosom. The doctor observing them, said :

“I fear I have given you pain, Miss Clifford?”

F 2

“No,

“No, Sir, no; what is the house to me now? I *have* been happy in it—very happy; but, if I *stay* here, the hours of happiness will return no more. Our social dinners—brilliant assemblies—charming concerts—the lively conversation of my agreeable aunt—the heart-enlivening smiles and tender indulgence of paternal affection—will return no more.

“Oh! my dear Sir! the gaiety of my heart is changed to gloomy sadness: all the objects of its tenderness—of its delight—are torn away. It is breaking to pieces—it has no tie—no support—no paternal home.”

Poor Elinor sobbed, almost to suffocation. The doctor was greatly distressed, at seeing her affliction—he was sorry he had caused it, and said affectionately:

“Dear

“ Dear Miss Clifford, make my house your *home*, for a little while at least, till you have in some degree recovered your spirits. My wife will soothe you with maternal fondness—my daughters with sisterly affection. Come and stay with us, till you go to your uncle.”

“ I know, sir, that I should feel all the comfort, my present unfortunate state could admit, in the bosom of your amiable family; but then, how should I be able to leave *them*, and go to old Sir Gervas and the dismal Priory? From *this* desolated house—from the solitude and misery of my present situation—I can go without regret—the scene will be changed and cannot for the *worse*.

“ I beg pardon—grief is very selfish and cannot long attend to the concerns of others. Did you not say something about servants, my dear sir?”

F 3

“ I did ;



"I did; will you recommend any of yours to me?"

"Yes, Sir—Mrs. Morley—Anderfon and my own two footmen, particularly James. The porter, I believe, is a trusty servant—I will not say any thing of the rest. Mrs. Morley will direct your choice in regard to the women-servants."

"I will speak to those you have mentioned, and not trouble you any more on this business."

"Pray Sir, let me ask you, while I think of it; have you seen my mother's picture? My father wore it in his bosom."

"I have got it—it must be repaired before I can give it to you."

"Ah!"

“ Ah ! I understand you—Oh ! that it could have repelled the fatal balls. I hope the resemblance is not destroyed ?”

“ Not the least damaged, nor the hair at the back ; the crystals and half the frame are broken and only a very small part of the picture is injured.”

“ That precious relic, and my father’s picture which the robber’s have despoiled of its ornaments, I should like to have framed in jet—and I should like also to have a ring made for me, exactly such a one as Sir Clement Darnley’s is to be—will you have the goodness to get them done for me, and send them to the Priory, where they will be dear and sacred companions for me ?”

“ I do not see why you should go to the Priory so immediately. Stay in town, till the affairs are properly arranged ;

ranged ; then, we shall know what your fortune will be. If it be but a small independence, you had better live in London, than bury yourself with an old uncle, who, I have heard, lives like a recluse."

"There is not, I fear, the least probability of my being independent of my uncle, and were there any, I should still think myself obliged to obey the strict injunctions of my father, who thinks—who *thought* it the only safe asylum for me. My aunt disobliged him greatly, by her marriage, and he did not mention my going to her. Yet, I am sure I should be happier with her in Ireland, than with my old uncle in Norfolk."

"Perhaps not, Miss Clifford ; Lady Stanmore is not her own Mistress *now*. The Colonel is a very gay man : you might



might not find it agreeable to live in a dependant state with them. Your good father certainly considered what would be most conducive to your future interest and happiness.—I will observe your commission in regard to the pictures and ring—I have found the loose diamonds and amethysts.”

“Will they be sufficient, sir? Sir Clement’s ring must not be made unworthy of the bequeather, to indulge my fancy in wishing to have one like it. Let *all* the gems be put in his, if possible,—mine shall not be less dear, because it is unadorned—brilliant ornaments do not suit my humble fortune. Forgive me, Sir, if I sometimes forget how *very poor* I am. *Poor* indeed! a girl who works hard, or even begs, to maintain her parents, is *rich* and happy to what I am—I never

F 5

knew

knew my mother—but my father loved her and taught me to revere her memory—I could not miss her; for, he was every thing to me. Though young and handsome, yet he never would marry a second wife, lest she should not love his Elinor. In India, we were never separated—in our tedious voyage, I was all his care—since we came to England, he enjoyed no parties from which *I* was secluded. He seemed to live for *me* alone, and—it was for *me*—he died—Oh! that thought!—that thought—is torture.”

“Recollect yourself: be composed, do not aggravate your distress.”

“I do *not*—you are a stranger to the cause of—what am I saying, excuse me, Sir.”

“Dearest

“Dearest Miss Clifford, if any particular circumstance hangs upon your mind, fear not to confide in me. If secrecy be necessary, your own breast is not a safer repository than mine shall be. Perhaps I can advise you. Believe me, I am not impertinently curious—I wish to be your friend.”

“O Sir! read *that*—and wonder how I can preserve my senses! that will tell you all—tell you what a noble father I have lost, and *how* I lost him!”

Elinor left Dr. R. to read Mr. Clifford's letter—he was very much surprised at the cause of the quarrel between Lord Felgrove and Mr. Clifford; he pitied his unhappy daughter more than ever, and when he re-



turned the letter, strove to console her, by an assurance that she had not any thing to apprehend from Felgrove, who was a close prisoner in the Tower.

## CHAP. IV.

## THE CAUTION.

DOCTOR R. had not been gone long, when James came up to tell Elinor that Mrs. Cleaver said she *must* see her, as she had something of very great consequence to tell her—something that she could not say to any body else, as it only concerned Miss Clifford herself. Such a particular request, though made at a period so improper for her to see strangers, Elinor did not chuse to deny, and the good woman entered the room and took a chair, in a very familiar manner, without making her usual number of  
of

of curtsies, and, after wiping her eyes two or three times with the back of her hands, she said, in a whimpering tone:

“God help ye, poor think! I’m sure I pities ye from the very bottom of my ’art, that’s what I does—we little thinked all this here would comed to pass, when we feed one another last time. Well! we be all borned to trouble, as the saying is.”

“What particular business have you to speak to me about, Mrs. Cleaver?”

“Business enow, for the matter o’that, Miss; and so ye’ll say when ye hears it. Lord help us! what will the world come to! but I supposes that how Lords thinks, as they may kill hooman creters just as we does sheepses—but all that there ye knowd afore; so, that’s not  
the



the think, Miss, what I comed about—  
'tis this here Miss—would ye belief it?  
but as sure and sartin as ye be settun in  
that there blessed place, the vicked my  
Lord Felgrow, that murdered yere dear  
papa, is detarminated to have ye carried  
off dead or alive, to live along a him in  
the great tower, all amidst the vild  
beasteses—Lord Amighty presarve ye  
from um! says I. His own sarvant  
Dick told it to my Jerry and I. He  
said, says he, as how his Lord do rave  
like any ravun mad-mun in Bedlum, for,  
says he—says Dick — ‘by G—— I’ll  
shoot ye, every one, and myself into  
the bargaen, just so be as I did that un-  
grateful rascal Clifford, and poor Dit-  
tan, says he, if as how ye does not go  
and fetch me that little scornful divil,  
Nellinor Clifford,’ and that’s you, Miss,  
honest Dick says, saven yere presance—  
I’m sure, I trembled all over me just  
liken to any hasping leaf, and so, says I  
to

to my Jerry, says I, Lord love her sweet face! she was monstrous civil and pretty speakin to me, says I, and I'll go and give her a bit of caution, says I, I'll clap on my duds in a giffy, and bundle off, as fast as I can put one foot afore t'other, says I, for ha'nt we daghters ourselfs, and would we like to have um carried off to live in a tower with vild beastes, thof so be there was never such a great Lord amongd um too, says I? theyd be never a bit the safer for a Lords axing um to comed and stay there along with him, poor thinks! they might, says I, be eated up for all him! 'Very true Mistress,' said my poor good-natured Jerry, 'ye be very right, and well considered,' says he. So away runs I, and packed on my rags, fast as I could, and trotted off all this way, Miss, to tell ye all this here, that I larned from Dicky, who's as good a lad as any that ever trod on shoe-leather,  
be

be um who um will, that's the truth 'ont !"

" I thank you, Mrs. Cleaver, for taking all this trouble : but I think I am safe—I hope so, at least. It is impossible for Lord Felgrove to put his threats into execution, while he is a prisoner."

" Don't be too fartin, Miss—'tis more than ye knows what he can do—money can break through stone valls, and bribe the divil, as the saying is.—He is strong and rich—and God help ye ! yere weak an poor—aye, and I am sorry to say, forsaken into the bargin, fye upon him ! I did unt think he'd have farv'd ye ater this fashuns ; a hard arted feller ! when he knowed yere poor papa had lost his lection, and all was a goin to be turned topsy tarvy, and going to rack and ruination—then what does he do, but turn false arted and hop off, leaving



leaving ye to pipe yere eye and go hoop for a lovyer afore he'll look on ye agen. Ah! such as he, desarves to be tucked up, says I, for all his handsome phiz and fine palavering tongue—my bum-fiddle in a ban-box! what is it all good for? handsome is as handsome does, says I—Well! never mind, Miss—what matters takin on so about it? that ont do no good to nobody, as I fees—no, nor hang me if I'd go down into the country not I."

"I must leave you, Mrs. Cleaver; I cannot—"

"Only just stop a bit, to hear what poor Dicky said—says he, 'dang my noddle, if it dont make me as mad as a Maroh hare, to hear my master storm and rave, and talk at the rate he does about that pretty girl—thof she be poor and fatherless, who the devil was it that  
made

made her so, but my willan of a master, says he, and now, if so be he could comed at her, he'd make her some'nt worser than all that, says he, saven yere presance, while I, honest Dicky, woud make her my true lawful wife, heaven blefs her sweet face! thof she had not a shoe to her foot, nor a shift to her back; aye, and work hard to maintain her, says he, there's love for ye, Miss, in right arnest. Give *me* such true love as that—Dicky would be the man for my money, any day in the whole blessed year. He's better worth a young omans art and soul too, than any—nay, for the matter o'that, than all the Lords and Barrow Knights and Divil Knights in the whole warsal world."

"I have not spirits to hear you talk any longer—I am much obliged to you for your information, in regard to Lord Felgrove. I know you meant well, in giving

giving me so friendly a caution; but you are unacquainted with his situation and mine; he is *guarded*, and I am *safe*. Good morning to you—Dr. R. will take care that justice shall be done to *you* and *all* my father's creditors."

"Nay, Miss, ye dont needs to be in such a woundy hurry. Ye mought give a body leave to speak a bit, ater walkin so far to do ye sarvice, that's what ye mought. I only wants to ax a favor on ye—will you let me see yere papa's corpse? I dearly loves to see corpes, and do ye know, I never seed any murdered parsons in all my bornd days—I axed as I comed in; but the sarvants said as how ye ould let nobody seed him—so says I, I'll ax Miss; she is too good natered to say nay to such a little matter as that: is unt ye Miss? Poor fowl! thof he do owes me money, he shall have my blessing for all that, now  
he's



he's dead and gone. I wou'd unt speak agin um for all the warfal world no, no, nor I—for I be shockingly feared a ghosteses—and they say as how the murdered corpses never lays still in their graves, Lord help um !”

“Elinor's patience was quite exhausted; she called Mrs. Morley, and desired she would take Mrs. Cleaver to see her father. When she was alone, her deeply wounded heart seemed to bleed again at the reflection of Felgrove's speaking of her before his servants—she now indeed thought her fame was blasted by such speeches being circulated, and that she must appear, in the opinion of the world, unworthy of Sir Clement Darnley. She knew how reports flew—how circumstances were exaggerated. His own family, already too partial to the Duke's niece, would do all in their power to prejudice him against herself, and, what was now only  
the

the surmise of ignorance and ill-nature, would be realized; Sir Clement Darnley must wish to forget her—he would be informed that Lord Felgrove spoke of her dishonourably, and his servants with freedom and impertinence—he must consider his own honour and no longer think of marrying an unfortunate creature, crushed by affliction—an humble dependant on a capricious old man—and whose character was sported with by the ignorant and wicked. Such were the painful and mortifying thoughts of Elinor, whose only pleasing hope had now forsaken her. She drew the picture from her bosom, and, after beholding it for some time in silent agony, she exclaimed:

“ Well! Darnley! if I am not thought worthy to be your wife, because now poor and friendless, because I am calumniated by a villain—a murderer

derer—yet, I will shew you that I am still rich in affection, and faithful to my promises—above changing the honoured name of my father for the highest title that could be offered to me by any man but *you*, my Darnley, with whom alone I would share, not only titles and grandeur, but ignominy and poverty, if those were to be your unfortunate—your undeserved lot. Yes, most amiable of men, Elinor Clifford is unalterably yours, and never *has*, nor ever *will* render herself unworthy of your love.”

Mrs. Cleaver was too communicative not to tell all that she knew to any body who came in her way, and the sensible discreet Mrs. Morley was very much vexed that she had been admitted, to encrease the afflictions of the severely oppressed Elinor, whom, on her return to the dressing room, she found greatly dis-



disordered, and the good Morley was much more alarmed at her glowing cheeks, tearless eyes and agitated appearance, than she would have been at pallid, weeping grief. She took her hand—it was hot and trembling. She entreated her to lie down. Elinor consented—she wished to avoid talking and to conceal her sorrow.

## CHAP. IX.

## LETTERS.

THE next day, Elinor was better and more tranquil. Dr. R. came to pay his usual morning visit, and said :

“ My dear Miss Clifford, an event has taken place that will save a great deal of trouble and uneasiness to many. Your cruel, and, I believe, only, enemy, is gone, to answer for all his crimes in another world.”

“ What ! Felgrove ! is he dead ? May heaven forgive him ! O sir ! I almost dread to ask you *how* he died.”

“The violent perturbation of his spirits, added to his drinking much more than he was accustomed to, brought on an inflammation in the bowels, which has terminated his wretched life, and, with him, will all foolish reports die, ere they could be circulated, as his servants will have their own affairs to employ their thoughts, and your good friend and adviser Mrs. Cleaver, an immense debt to occupy hers and which, as his lordship has died without a will, cannot be paid in a hurry, as his relations are so numerous and distant, that the right heir will not be ascertained without a law-suit, perhaps, that may last many years.”

A letter was given to Elinor—the address was Lady Melvin’s hand. She hastily broke the seal, and read to herself the following concise epistle.

Dear



Dear Miss Clifford,

The news of your father's untimely death overtook us on the road to Melvin-Park, at which place we are extremely sorry this melancholy event will prevent our having the pleasure of your company, as we hear there is a disagreeable necessity for you to reside with your uncle Sir Gervas, at Clifford-Priory, where we all most sincerely hope you may find as much comfort as your unhappy situation can admit. Melvin is going to write to Sir Clement Darnley, and will inform him of Mr. Clifford's death and your unfortunate circumstances, which, I am sure, will give him much concern, as he, undoubtedly, had a great esteem for both your deceased father and yourself.

The Duke, my mother and Melvin  
join in compliments and condolence with  
your

Sincere Friend

and humble servant,

LESBIA MELVIN.

“Cruel, indifferent Lesbia! I did not intend to sadden the gaiety of Melvin-Park with my funeral weeds. I feel the unhappiness of my situation—you force me to feel it. Insensible Lady Melvin! read it, doctor. It is a proof of fashionable friendship—fashionable comfort for a wounded mind.”

From any other person, Elinor would have read such a cold unfeeling letter with the contempt it deserved; but it came from a *near* and favourite relation of Sir Clement Darnley—it seemed to  
speak

speak also the frigid indifference of his only sister and most intimate friend. She knew he loved them both, and she feared he would be biased by them. The doctor, who saw and felt for her distress, said :

“ My letter will reach Sir Clement, before Lord Melvin’s. I have been very circumstantial in my account ; and transcribed the words, in Mr. Clifford’s will, which concerned himself. I shall immediately give him intelligence of Lord Felgrove’s death, and think it will be proper to inclose a copy of your father’s letter to yourself—you, I hope, have not any objection to my doing so.”

“ My dear Sir, do whatever you think is right. Act by me as you would by one of your own amiable daugh-



ters, and you shall find me as dutiful."

Before the doctor could reply, Mrs. Morley came in, with a parcel of letters which his servant had brought to him. By the post-mark of one, he concluded it came from Sir Gervas Clifford. He opened that first, and read to himself as follows:

Sir,

I am desired by my nephew to address myself to you, who are by this time, perhaps, his executor. If so, I shall immediately begin about my niece, whom he has recommended to my protection. Tell the poor girl, that, as she is left an orphan, I will take compassion on her, and give her leave

leave to come to Clifford-Priory, where she may live while she behaves herself well. Tell her that she must be sure to leave the fine extravagant lady behind her in town, and all her London servants, and come to me by herself, and be humble and obedient, and not give trouble to my poor old Rachel. No, she must do all she can to assist her, and she must help Roger Jenkins, weed the garden, and tie up the flowers, and she must mend my clothes, because her eyes are the youngest, and let me lean upon her arm, when I walk out. If she will do all these things, and more that I cannot just now think of, and not be a useless fine lady, why then, she may come: and, if my nephew is *dead*, why, he may come too, because, seeing he has died honorably, I will let him be buried honourably in the chapel belonging to Clifford-Priory, where all his ancestors are buried, except his father, my bro-

ther Charles, and he died at Bengal; so, that could not be helped, you know, sir, seeing it is such a way off.

“ I have contrived very conveniently for my niece to come and bring her father, if he is dead, along with her. A vessel sailed yesterday from Cromer to Debtford: I know the Captain, he is a good man and will bring them both very safe to the banks of my own park, which will be very convenient, indeed, seeing a dead corpse must be carried, and is very heavy to be taken far. Then, I have contrived another thing; I have had the consideration to send a young woman, who is niece to the Captain, to be a companion for my niece, in her little voyage, which I suppose will be agreeable to her, in case she should be sea-sick. Give my love to her, sir, and tell her not to be unhappy, for that I am very good natured, and that

Clifford.



Clifford-Priory is a very noble place, only like its master a little bit the worse for wear, but that can't be helped, seeing every thing must grow old in time, you know, sir.

“I have desired the Captain, whose name is Blackwell, to send off his niece to Portman-square, the minute the winter's delight arrives at Deptford, that Elinor may have the more time to get acquainted with the young woman, whom she must take care of, till the vessel is ready to return.

“I am, with love to my niece and to you too, Sir, though I don't know you, her affectionate uncle and your very good friend and humble servant.

GERVAS CLIFFORD.

P. S. If, sir, my nephew should be alive, which is not unlikely, give my

G 5

love

love to him, and tell him that I will take care of his daughter, while he goes abroad, where I hope he will get something to repair his losses in the foolish election affair: and tell him to write to Captain Blackwell, to tell him not to expect his corpse, for that he has not been killed, as I and himself expected. Now, sir, you know all this is nothing, if poor Charles Clifford is dead; but, seeing he should be alive, it is very necessary it should be observed. Once more,

I am yours,

G. C.

Clifford-Priory.

Dr. R. was vexed at the uncouth style of this letter, and dreaded the effect it might have on Elinor. She saw his embarrassment and tremblingly said:

“Will

"Will not my uncle permit me to live with him?"

"Yes, my dear Lady, he will."

"Thank heaven! then, why are you afraid of communicating the contents of his letter? I know he is a strange character, and shall not be surprised at any thing he has written."

"I think you *will*—O Miss Clifford, I cannot read it to you."

"Do you not know, my dear sir, that great afflictions render the heart callous to trifles? Sir Gervas is displeased, no doubt, at having a destitute girl to maintain, and is very severe in his reflections. I am prepared for every thing he can say against extravagance. Give me leave to read it myself, if you



cannot take courage to read it to me—  
let me spare your delicacy, my good sir.”

“Sir Gervas had not received my letter when he writ this, which is an immediate answer in consequence of that Mr. Clifford sent to him.”

The doctor put the letter into her hand, and opened the others which were given to him with it. As he read them, he heard Elinor’s tears fall upon the paper. When she had read the letter, she said :

“This is a kind letter, indeed! I am not to be separated from my dear father. His sacred remains are to go with me, and every day, I may visit the spot which contains them and water it with my tears. My good uncle does not blame my father—he will not wound  
my

my heart with reflections on him. He condescends to tell me how I may be useful at Clifford-Priory. I love my uncle already, sir, and will do every thing I can to please him. He is the brother of my grandfather, whom I loved tenderly, and who almost adored me. Perhaps, Sir Gervas is like him, and I shall think that dear friend of my infancy is restored to me. This letter has given me new life, it tells me I have a home to go to, and a relation to receive me there."

"But I am afraid the going by sea will be disagreeable—you will find a small trading vessel dirty and inconvenient—you must not expect to see an East-India-man."

"Certainly not, sir. *They* are calculated for long voyages. I cannot suffer from the inconveniences for any length

length of time, and my black dress is very well suited to dirt."

"I see you are above making difficulties—your good sense will support you in every trial, and I hope, render a situation which I believe, most ladies, who have lived as you have done, would think very dreadful, easy; though I fear it will not be agreeable to you."

"If I can render some little pleasing services to my uncle—if I can cheer him by my conversation and support his feeble steps, I shall be *bappy*, sir. I could not now enjoy gay company, nor public diversions; therefore, I cannot regret my seclusion from them—the time of the year is favourable to me: every day, the prospects will improve to my view; and, though my father cannot see them, though he cannot converse with



with me, yet the idea of having him there, so near me, is more consolatory than you can imagine."

Elinor now gave the doctor Foster's bills, as a guide to the present value of the furniture, and told him how those bills had embarrassed her and obliged her to get money of Mr. Moses for her pearls, which she now wished to sell, and also her dressing plate; and, giving the doctor Mr. Moses' address, said:

"To you, Sir, I must give this trouble. You will, I know, take care that the Jew acts honestly by me. I shall want some money, to take with me to Norfolk. I wish to study my uncle's disposition before I ask him for any, and it will seem hard to me, indeed, to be entirely without. I should like to have a part of what my own things sell for—but, if you, sir, think  
*that*

*that is not just, the creditors shall have their right, and I will go without. My wants, I suppose, will not be great; but poverty, even there, may have some claim on me. I may wish to give a trifle—still—still, I forget—pardon me, fir—it will be wrong, very wrong to be liberal with other people's money. Get what you can—and take it all—I will be satisfied.*”

“Make yourself easy, my dear Miss Clifford; remember that I am your guardian and must do justice to my charge, and secure your property. The creditors shall have their right, if not immediately, when the money comes from Bengal. I think this is a good time to find Mr. Moses, I know him well; he is an honest little Israelite.”

The doctor took his leave and went immediately to Mr. Moses, who was glad

glad to purchase the pearls, and this pecuniary business was arranged by the good doctor to the satisfaction of both parties. The Jew was pleased with his bargains, and Elinor, to get two thousand pounds—of this she would take only one hundred, and desired the doctor to pay with the rest those who, he thought, most wanted money, as she had now enough to last her till the supply came from the East. Elinor was so earnest in this request, that the doctor was obliged to acquiesce.



## CHAP. X.

## SIMPLICITY.

Two more melancholy days crept slowly by, while Elinor's thoughts dwelt painfully on her future destiny. She had never seen Sir Gervas—never heard him mentioned in a manner that could possibly make her esteem him. To be an humble dependant among strangers—not even to see a domestic, whose face she was acquainted with, appeared very terrible to her. The more she reflected, the less she could reconcile herself to her fate—but it *must be*, and she submitted to it in gloomy silence.

As

As she was sitting, absorbed in melancholy thought, Captain Blackwell was announced. Elinor heard his name with horror—he was come to convey her to a dismal solitude—to tear her from the worthy Dr. R. and from the maternal bosom of the gentle Mrs. Morley. It was some time before she could recover herself sufficiently to speak to him, and when he entered, she started back from the most ruffian-like appearance she had ever beheld. He was a tall robust man, wrapt in a shabby great coat splashed up to the buttons. His clumsy boots were covered with mud; a coloured handkerchief was tied round his neck, and a large hat, covered with oiled skin, spread over his straight hair, black as the feathers of a crow, and shaded a face dark as a Mulatto's. A thick oaken stick supported a bundle over his shoulder. He was followed by his niece, a stout fresh coloured girl, with  
brown

brown hair hanging in natural curls, from under a coarse straw hat, tied on by a blue silk handkerchief, with a full red border. Her showy patterned flowered cotton gown was carefully pinned up over a red stuff quilted petticoat, as was her white cloth apron. She had black worsted stockings, thick leather shoes with large plated buckles, a scarlet cloth cloak and buff-coloured worsted mittens.

The grim-looking Captain made a dozen bows, marking the carpet with dirt at every scrape, and the niece as many curtsies, before either of them ventured to speak. At last Captain Blackwell said:

“Be yow Sir Gervases Clifford’s niece, my lady? cause, if so be that yow do be she, his honour’s worship do say, that I do be to leave my own niece,  
Mil-



Milbrook, who is the daughter of my sister Bett, who is married to Farmer Milbrook, who is as honest a man as any in old England, to bide here along wi' yow, till so be my tight little vessel be ready to sail agen: and then, I do be to fetch she and your ladyship's honor, and his honor your dead father, if so be him *do be dead*, and carry yow all together to his honor's worship your honoured uncle, Sir Gervas Clifford at the old Priory."

"I hope you left my uncle in good health, Captain Blackwell?"

"Aye, your ladyship's honour, as well as may be at his time o'day. He do be just like to a crazy vessel, ready to sink at every little squall. It do be many a day since he did be right and tight—an he were my passenger on board my good ship the Winter's delight.

light. I should keep un under hatches, 'ounds, your ladyship, an he were to bide upon deck the first brisk gale, 'oud heave un overboard, poor little gentleman, God help un!"

"You stand in need of some refreshment, sir, after your walk. This good gentlewoman will see that you and your niece have what you like to eat and drink. Do me the favour to make yourself as comfortable, and be as free as if you were in your own ship."

"I do'unt be strange any wheres, thank your good ladyship; I'll make bold to ax for some'ut to eat and a drop to drink—you do be craving for a bit too, Rose, beunt you, my girl? I warrant me."

"Yes,

"Yes, uncle; and I do be just starving alive—and I do be so weary too, you did drag me along at such a rate."

"Why, my little cock-boat, if so be I had 'unt towed you along, we shoud 'unt ha' got to the end of our voyage, afore midnight—please your ladyship's honour, she 'oud stop and gaze at all the gay streamers and fine rigging, that hung out for sale, atween here and Deptford."

"Why, lawk a daify! deary me, your ladyship, what a fine pla-ace Lun-nun do be—and uncle do tell me that it do be just such a fine fair day for ever and ever, setting aside sundays. O your Ladyship! if so be I had 'unt a comed wi' uncle to ha' fetch'd you back to Clifford-Priory, I never 'oud ha' seed such a grand sight—what is a puppet  
shew



shew to *Lunnun*! I 'oud ha' looked and looked all the day long, wi' out craving bit or sup—but so be now I do comed in a door, I be hungry enough, that be the truth 'ont."

"May I be so bold as to ax yowr Ladyship where I do be to leave this cargo o' rigging for *Rose*? the gentleman that opened the door 'ond ha' taken it from me—but I do be too wary o' strangers, and 'oud unt let un ha' it."

"This gentlewoman will take care of that and yourselves, if you will go with her."

The uncle and niece followed Mrs. Morley into her own room, where they were well supplied from the pantry and cellar, and, after eating very heartily, they appeared once more before Elinor, and were very lavish of their thanks for

for such good cheer. Blackwell, said he, should be ready to set sail for Norfolk in four or five days, at farthest, and begged Elinor to be so by the time, as a delay would be a great disadvantage to him. She promised she should by the fourth day. He then earnestly prayed that Elinor would take care of his niece, and not let her go out by herself, lest she should be lost, or fall into bad hands—then, giving his niece an affectionate hearty smack, he took his leave.

Poor Rose looked very dull at parting with her uncle, and could scarcely restrain her tears, as she said :

“God bless you! good bye, my dear uncle! how glad I will be to see you agen! God bless you, uncle Blackwell!”

Elinor, who pitied every thing in distress, said kindly :

“ Do not be uneasy, my dear Rose; you are with friends, who will love you—come and sit down—you must tell me something about Norfolk. Do your parents live near Clifford-Priory ?”

“ Yes; just so be, when you do comed out o’ the Priory-Garden-gate into the grove, look straight forward and there do be a stile; go over that into father’s hay-field, then, over another into father’s cornfield, then there’s the bridge over the brook; cross that and you comed into our garden, and so, to the farm, please your ladyship.”

“ I shall often visit you, it will be a pretty walk for me.”

“ His



“ His honour, Sir Gervas, do comed amost every fine day wi the help o’ master Jenkins, and eats a bit and drinks a cann o’ ale, and talks cheerily to father and Phil Hawthorn; his honour loves Phil—poor cousin Phil! he were half a fear’d that I ’oud be drown’d in uncle’s ship—and so did I be too—but I do be comed safe *here*.”

“ And I hope you will return as safe.”

“ Yes—I do hope so too, your Ladyship—I do think brother Val’s *hair* will save me agen.”

“ How do you mean ?”

“ This,” said Rose, taking a crystal locket from her bosom; with hair of four different colours plaited on one side, and a very neatly cut valentine on

the other, "This is a *charm*; the lightest hair is my cousins, Bet's and Philip's—the darkest mine and brother Valentine's—he did be born on Valentine's day, and so, mother called him so. Cousin Phil did cut this paper so fine! See, your Ladyship, there do be a rose in the middle—for me; and these do be all the hearts and names round about it of us all four. Phil brought this case at Yarmouth, when so be our poor Val left us—and so, when I did be to comed away, Phil and Bet kissed it nine times, and pray'd to it nine times in these words. "Hair of our dear brother Valentine, preserve our beloved Rose from drowning, as Valentine, on whose head you grew, saved from drowning his own kind master, Sir Clement Darnley! them words made it a *charm*, your ladyship."

'But—

“ But—what did you say, Rose ? is Sir Clement Darnley Valentine’s master ? What do you mean about saving him ? ”

“ I’ll tell your Ladyship all about it. Some years ago, Sir Clement Darnley comed a visiting in our county ; and so, he rided out one morning, and wanted to cross our brook ; but seeing he did ’unt know the deep places, he leaped in at one o’them, and so, his horse sunk, cause he cou’d’unt swim, and plunging all about throw’d off Sir Clement, and deary me ! he cou’d’unt get one foot out on the stirrup, and so ’oud ha’ been drown’d, if so be brother Val had ’unt a seed un, as he did be in the field ; so, in jump’d Val, and pull’d out Sir Clement—and drag’d the horse to the shallow, and so saved both on um. But, lawk a daisy ! he did bring’d poor Sir Clement home to mother just dead ; so



she did put un in a warm bed and gived un some ut hot, to drink ; and so he grow'd well agen, and he loved our Val, and took'd un to live wi-unself at Cambridge, and so Val do ha bided wi un ever since—and brother Val do love un as a do his own self—and now he do be gone a many mile away wi un—alack a day ! it will be a long while afore we do feed poor Val agen, dèar lad."

Elinor was so affected at the simple narrative, that she could not speak for some time : at last, she said :

" Then, you know Sir Clement Darnley well ? You have seen him often ? "

" Yes, please your Ladyship, often and often, when he bided at Cambridge. "

" Look

"Look at this picture—do you know who it is?"

"Lawk ! lawk a daisy ! if it be-unt Sir Clement, his very *own* felf—deary me ! and can you shew me brother Val too ? I 'oud like to see un, please your Ladyship."

"I have not got his picture, my good girl ; but I will desire Sir Clement to send it to you."

"O thankee, your good Ladyship, a thousand and a thousand times ; and will you ax Sir Clement to send Cousin Philip's too."

"He cannot do *that*, Rose, unless your Cousin Philip was with him."

“Phil sha’unt go to un all they many a mile off—no, Phil mun bide along a father.”

It was now almost dark, and, on the door opening, just behind Rose, she started up and clung fast to the back of Elinor’s chair, who said :

“What is the matter Rose ? why are you so terrified ?”

“I do be fear’d o dead parsons—so I be—do um walk about in Lunnun as um do at the Priory—please your Ladyship ?”

“Did you ever see them walking there ?”

“I do be fear’d to look over to the old walls o it, ater dark—but I do hear  
um



um in the grove fast enough when they comed there ; they do be like owls, and ravens, and willy-whisps, and toads, and clink-chinks."

" They are the real things you have named, and not the spirits of dead people in those forms."

" Oh ! yes, indeed ! please your Ladyship, they be—Dear Suz, there do be a huge difference atween them things at the farm and at the Priory."

" And pray, what is the great difference you have observed, my good Rose ?"

" I'll tell your Ladyship. The Priory-owls do be a deal more hugey than the farm-owls, and um do cry hoo-o—hoo-o—hoo-o so dolefully, just three times ; and the Priory-ravens do be a dead

white colour, and do screech, and do flap ums huge wings agen sick bodies windys, afore um do die, Lord ha marcy on us! and then um do fly back to the Priory-Chapel, and sit on top o' it, screeching agen, enough to scare a body out on ums wits. Then, the willy-whisps o' the Priory do be so plaguy spiteful, um does go hopping afore people, in the shape o' tiny lamps, and make um fall into ditches and dells, God help um! and the toads, and the chink-chinks! Oh! deary me! do be so hugey and frightful! not a bit, father do say, like ours at the farm. Then, your Ladyship, in the Priory its own self—um does wander about all the live long dark night, in every room, in the shape o' goblins—and paritions—and ghosts in armour—and spectres in winding-sheets—and pale spirits in black palls and blue flames, deary me! and then, there  
do

do be such a din, and the Priory shakes and the great clock strikes so loud and sad, and comes wi such a *ding* over to our farm, that it wakes us in our beds, and then I do be fear'd to see the ghosts o' the Priory comed into my little bedroom, for all father and cousin Phil do say um be fear'd o' the water and dare unt comed over our brook."

"Really, Rose, you give me a very terrific description of the place where I am to live! One of those haunted rooms must be my bed-chamber, in which I shall be forced to sleep by myself, unless you will be so good as to stay with me and have a bed in the same room."

"Now, do 'unt ax me, your good Ladyship's honor—for, if so be you keeps me one long dark night in the old

H 6

Priory,



Priry, I will be cold dead as any grave stone by peep o' day."

"Do not be frightened, my poor girl; I will not desire you to do any thing so disagreeable to you. I shall be as safe and sleep as comfortably in the Priory, I hope, as you will at the farm. How do you think my uncle and his servants could have lived there so long, if there were such noises and frightful things to terrify them every night? Believe me, it is all nonsense and idle talk. You will grow wiser by and by, and not give credit to such simple tales."

"No, no, your Ladyship; you will find it do be all true and certain, when so be you bides in the Priory your own self; for, I knows what Dame Rachel and Master Jenkins do say; bad enough o'unt;

o'unt; for all so be his honor's worship, Sir Gervas, do'unt mind um; he do'unt be fear'd, cause so be um all do be a kin to un, and so mayhap he do like um to comed backwards and forwards, all about um own old Priory, if so be um ha a fancy to it."

Elinor found it was impossible to remove the prejudice that had been early fixed in the bosom of Rose, and, not chusing that she should circulate such ridiculous reports among ignorant servants, who would believe them more implicitly than sacred truths, she determined not to let Rose converse with them, and proposed that she should sleep in the sofa bed, and that Mrs. Morley should return to her own. She also intended to have decent mourning ordered for her, and the red petticoat and cloak with all their tawdry  
ac-

accompaniments laid aside, as very unsuitable for the melancholy cause of her voyage; but these arrangements were only thought of, as Rose, quite fatigued with her walk, was fast asleep in her chair.



CHAP. XI.

SINCERITY.

THE next morning, when Rose heard she was to wear black, she looked full of horror and said :

“No, no, I prayee; do’unt let me put un on, your Ladyship—it do be so ill-lucky, mayhap! deary me! I will be feared to look in the glafs, if I do be all black.”

“Believe me, Rose, you shall find the wearing black, to oblige me, very lucky; for, I will give you, besides the  
mourn-

mourning, a new white muslin gown, with every thing proper to wear with it."

"O goodness! O deary me! what, a muslin gound, just so be like a Lady's, and every thing besides, and all agen I marrys cousin Phil Hawthorn! thankee, your dear Ladyship's kind honor; if so be you promise me all that, I 'ont be a bit a fear'd to put on black, just for a tiny bit, only but the while I bides in uncle's ship, that be long enough, be'unt it your Ladyship?"

"Yes, Rose; only for that short time, and you shall find me true to my promise. When are you to be married, my good girl?"

"Father do say next May-day; he did always say as soon as I did be born, as so be he 'oud gi me to little Phil for  
a wife

a wife—for, bless your heart! Poor Phil and poor Betsey did comed to father's farm, to be keep'd just when um did be two tiny babes; and mother did rear um up and love um, just so be as she did Val and I—cause, poor things! they did be both fatherless and motherless, God help um! poor uncle Hawthorn did be lost in the snow, seeking a stray'd lambkin, one hard night, so he never comed home, till um digg'd un out dead and cold. Poor aunt, father's own sister, never holded up her head ater, mother do say, but droop'd, droop'd, just so be till she died o a broken heart! Ah! Lord keep us! and leaved her two pretty babes to father and mother, and there be unt a better lad than Phil, nor a better lass than Bet—no that there be'unt, in all the whole county—they ha beed great comforts to father and mother, next to Val and I."

"I hope



“ I hope they will always be so,” said Elinor, wiping her eyes. “ Poor little orphans ! how happy they were to find such good friends in their kind uncle and aunt !”

“ Oh ! yes ! they did be happy, sure enough—and, pray, now, your good Ladyship, may I be so bold as just to say a word to ’ee, for poor cousin Bet ?”

“ Say a thousand words for her, if you please Rose.”

“ Do ’unt be angry then, your Ladyship, if so be I axes the favor on you just to buy a gownd and every thing the same as mine, for cousin Bet, cause we do always look alike, so as two cherries.”

“Yes, my dear Rose; I will comply with your good-natured request; I love you for it—your cousin and you shall look like two lillies.”

“Deary me how pleased will father and mother and Phil be to see us look so white and so pretty. Heaven bless your kind heart how good you do be! Lawk-a-daisey! what’s wearing black for you a tiny bit? I wishes that so be I cou’d save your life, just so as Val did Sir Clement Darnley’s: but, alack a day! I be’unt a man, and if so be you fall into the sea, or even into our little brook, and I do jump ater you, down I go plump to the bottom, cause so be I can’t tell how to swim—but I knows what I’ll do—Lawk! what’s jumping into a brook, at noon day, when a body can swim out agen in a minute. I will do some’ut more frightfuller a deal than all that for your Ladyship’s kind honor.  
I will

I will—yes I will bide along wi you, at dark night, in the old Priory, for all the ghosts and paritions, tho' so be um do kill you, why then, um may kill me too into the bargin, if um do be so plaguy spiteful—but—I had rather a deal let you lie in my bed, wi cousin Betsey, and so sit up all night by the side o'it, in our own farm, where there do be nothing to hurt or to scare us,—and I do be sure, you will be right welcome to bide along wi us for ever and ever, if so be you likes it; for, there do be a plenty enough for us all and more too—*do* live along wi us, your dear Ladyship."

"My uncle would be offended, or I assure you, Rose, I think it would be far more agreeable to me; for, though I am not afraid of ghosts, yet I am afraid the Priory will be very dull."

"Yes,



“ Yes, blefs you ! dull as midnight itfelf, all the day long. If fo be his worfhip, Sir Gervas Clifford, oud gi me all that he do be worth in the county, I oud unt bide along wi um ; no, not one week. I oud rather make hay, glean, or weed the ground, for a tiny bit o’brown bread, and a drink o’cold water, and fleep upon ftraw in a barn, than live like a fine great lady in that delefome place, where you be a going to bide for good and all. But, feeing you do be a fine lady already, mayhap you may’unt mind it—every one to their liking.”

Dr. R. was announced—Elinor fent Rose into another room, fhe did not chufe the doctör fould fee her, in her gay Norfolk garb. She told him how foon fhe was to go. He could fcarcely difguife the uneafinefs he felt, at her being under the difagreeable neceffity of  
almost

almost burying herself alive: for, though she endeavoured to appear reconciled to it, yet he knew that she must dread such a dependant and melancholy situation.

Elinor told the doctor what a strange idea Rose had of the Priory, and gave him the heads of her artless discourse, dwelling particularly on the remarkable circumstance of Valentine and Sir Clement, with which the doctor was delighted. He knew the human heart, and was sensible how very much *this circumstance* would endear the family at the farm to Elinor, and render the brook, the house, and every rural spot around it interesting to her. Even the simple converse of Rose would have charms, because she would sometimes talk in praise of Sir Clement.

The

The kind confiderate Dr. R., when he parted from Elinor, went immediately to Deptford, without telling her his design, to bargain with Captain Blackwell for the whole of the cabin, as he thought it was improper for Miss Clifford to be incommoded by disagreeable passengers, during her little voyage. Blackwell hesitated at first; but on the doctor's offering him double price for every vacant bed, he said:

“ Well, well! I do be content, if so be her honor likes it; but, for my share, troth! I thinks the more the merrier! Howsomedever, mayhap the living oud'unt ha fancied to ha gone to sea wi a dead corpse; thof so be un are his worship's honor, Sir Gervases Clifford's nephew; belike um might 'unt ha liked un o bit the more for that: so, I believes as how it do be better as it be —thankee your honor. Then, if so be  
her



her ladyship do be ready, I can set sail to-morrow or next day, if it do be all one, seeing I be'unt long a picking up a freight o' sundry goods from Lunnun, to supply the towns and villages along the coast, tween here and Newcastle, as I do go for coals agen. When, your worship, be I to goed up to town, to fetch her Ladyship and Rose?"

"The day after to-morrow, I will conduct Miss Clifford and your niece to the ship, without giving you the trouble to go so far. The remains of Mr. Clifford and the baggage I shall send early on the same morning, with a servant, who will stay till we arrive. I hope, Captain Blackwell, that you will do all in your power to render the voyage comfortable to Miss Clifford, who will be left entirely to your care."

"God

“God blefs her dear heart! I will do by her juft fo be, your honor, as I does by Rose, fister Bet’s own child, no better nor no worfer. I cou’d unt fay no more to the king, God blefs un! My lads do be as honeft lads as ever ftept from ftem to ftern, and fo be, God willing, that foul weather do kick up a ftorm, every lad o’um will swim to land, if fo be ’tis wi’in reach o’um, and carry her honor along wi’ um, and Rose too, poor thing! thof fo be ſhe do unt be his worſhip Sir Gervafes niece, it be fitten to take care o’ ſhe too, for ſhe do be a tight wench, thof I fays it, that ſhou’d unt fay it, cauſe fo be I do be her uncle you knows. Well, ’tis all one for that, truth’s truth all the world over, your honor, and damn-me I hates hour lies and your palaver as I do hates the devil unſelf, that’s what I, honeft

Tom Blackwell do—be it right or be it wrong? And I hope to get a snug birth aloft, thof I be no better than I *be*, your worship.”

“ You are a very worthy man, Captain Blackwell—I should not be afraid of trusting my own daughters with you.”

“ I believes not, forsooth ! I ha got four little wenches o’ my own, God blefs um ! And may um never run to me and call me father agen, if so be I be ’unt an honest protector o’ all their helpless kind, for um dear sakes, blefs um !”

The doctor quitted Deptford, perfectly satisfied with the honest simplicity of Blackwell, whose rough exterior, he found, concealed an excellent



cellent heart. He went, in the evening, to tell Elinor where he had been, and that he had settled every thing, in a way which he thought would be the most conducive to her ease and comfort, while she staid in the vessel.

Elinor was very thankful to the doctor, for his affectionate attention to her, and pleased with his account of the Captain, whose appearance had not prepossessed her much in his favor. She occupied herself, in making the necessary preparations for her long exile from London, as much as possible to avoid giving way to her unhappy thoughts, which she strove also to check by conversing with Rose, in whom the mourning dress made a great alteration for the better. She now looked delicate and genteel. Elinor scarcely knew

her, when Mrs. Morley introduced her so metamorphosed, and had the pleasure to find that Rose was herself very well reconciled to her sable appearance, because it was fashionable.

## CHAP. XII.

## THE DEPARTURE.

EARLY on the appointed morning, Dr. R. sent the remains of Mr. Clifford, in a hearse and six, attended by Anderson in a coach and four, to Deptford. The trunks followed in the care of another servant. Elinor had strictly enjoined Anderson to see that her father was carried decently on board, and placed in the cabin where she was to stay, and not to leave him till she came into the ship.



As she wished to go on board by day-light, Dr. R. came for her in his own coach, about three o'clock, and found her more tranquil than he expected. She was quite ready—he led her silently to the carriage—he saw that she was afraid to speak, lest she should betray the feelings she wished to suppress. Rose and Mrs. Morley followed—the journey was a sad one to all but Rose.

When they arrived at the spot where the little vessel lay, the good Captain came to conduct them on board. The ship was clean and neat; the cabin carpeted and furnished with a glass, genteel chairs, a table, and a small register stove, near which was a closet with every convenience for dinner and tea-table. The bottom was well stored with wine and other liquors. Dr. R. gave Elinor the

the key of this closet, telling her she must be her own house-keeper on board the ship. Two of the beds had white dimity curtains before them, and were furnished with good new bedding. Elinor was surprised at the neatness of every thing around her, but more so at not seeing her father's coffin, and said.

“Where is my father? You know I desired that he might be put into the cabin—where is he, Anderson?”

Anderson went to one of the little beds, and lifted up a white counterpane, under which she beheld Mr. Clifford's coffin. She was satisfied with its situation, but it was the first time she had seen it, and her grief was so great, that the doctor wanted to have it removed; but she said eagerly:

I 4

“No,

“No, sir, no : only cover it. I like it should be there ; but the ship had recalled to my memory many painful ideas, and that sad sight, added to those ideas, overcame my fortitude—I am better now.”

“These necessaries are your own, Miss Clifford—I have furnished the cabin, as you see, out of *your* money, and have also paid double for your passage—there is the receipt. The Captain thinks himself handsomely paid ; but, if he behaves well, it will, I know, gratify your generous disposition to reward him with all the things which have been placed in his ship for your convenience, and I hope his behaviour will *deserve* such a gift.”

“My dear sir, how very considerate you have been, to render my voyage  
so



so comfortable, and to indulge my generosity, which, alas! I *fear*, must be checked for a long time."

"I hope not; let us think the best. You have great plenty of provisions on board, as the Captain and Rose are to be your guests. Their company will give a cheerfulness to your meals and make you eat more than you would by yourself. The remains of your dinners, and some liquor now and then, will be acceptable among the crew. You will, I know, excuse my mentioning these things, as you are a stranger to the custom of passengers, in such little traders, and I know you wish to act with grace and liberality in every situation. The wind is fair, and the Captain means to set sail immediately. All letters, that come from either France or Ireland, I will send to you, with the greatest expedition. The pictures and ring I will

I 5

bring

bring myself; therefore, will not take a formal leave of you, as, in less than a fortnight, I shall most likely have the pleasure of seeing you at Clifford Priory."

"What a happiness that will be to me, my dear sir! I shall be greatly disappointed, if you do not come. That hope will make me part with you cheerfully. Tell the dear ladies of your family to spare you, to comfort a child of sorrow for a few days. Mrs. Morley, my kind Mrs. Morley, may every blessing attend you! I feel happy at your staying in our house. I shall think of you every day, and see you in idea, busied in your own room.—I wish the doctor would prevail on your new master to take a summer residence near the Priory, that I might see you sometimes in reality."

"Ah!

“ Ah ! my dear madam, time soon slips away. It will not be long, I hope, before I shall have the honor of serving Lady Darnley.”

Elinor, affectionately embracing Mrs. Morley, hid her blushing face in the bosom of that sincere friend, with whom, and the amiable doctor, Elinor could not part without many tears.

When they were gone, Rose, who had been talking to her uncle, came in. She looked fearfully at the bed where Mr. Clifford lay, and said :

“ Be we to sleep here, your Ladyship ? ”

“ Certainly, Rose : there is no other place for us. See how nicely the beds are made. We shall have a light ; and some of the sailors will be up all night ;



you will not find it dull, and if you lie awake, you may talk to me, whenever you please—I shall not *sleep* much.”

“ Mayhap he do be fear’d o’ the sea, and may’unt walk about, afore he be comed to the Priory.—I be’unt *very* fear’d o’un there, if so be he do’unt get up—he do lie comfortably enough, that’s the truth o’unt, if so be he do but like it—Yet I wishes he did be somewhere else and not along wi us; that I does.”

“ Rose, I hope it will be a long time before you have the misfortune to lose *your* father; but tell me, if you had no mother, nor cousins, and your father were to die, where would you put him, till he was buried? in the barn? or the cow-house? in the pig-stye, perhaps, rather than keep him in the house with you?”

Rose

Rose blushed and hung down her head—Elinor continued :

“ If you love him, you would let him stay in the best room and not be afraid of him, though he were cold and lifeless. You would think how very kind he had been to you, when alive, and look at him without fear. Then if I were to visit you and say : ‘ Oh ! put him away—I am afraid of him—I cannot bear to sit in the room with you, if you keep your dead father in it.’—You would think me a fool, and hate me for disliking your dear father, nor would you have him carried away to indulge my folly.”

“ I beg pardon—I do not see what a big fool I ha beed. No, no ; I never did think of own poor father, not a bit, no, no ; I oud’unt turn un out thof so  
be

be un do die, heaven for ever preserve un; no that I oud 'unt."

"I am sure you would not, my good Rose. However if you are afraid to stay with me, perhaps your uncle can make you up a bed somewhere. I will sleep here by myself—I have no reason to be afraid."

"No, your good Ladyship, no, do'unt say so—I do be shamed enough, so I be, I ont mind un any more, thof he be dead—for if so be we put un any where else, mayhap he'd comed here all one for that, Lord ha mercy! so let un stay and be quiet where un be and not make un angry."

The water was very smooth, the motion of the ship slow and steady—neither Elinor nor Rose was the least disordered



dered by the movement of it. The Captain supped with them, and for a time, Elinor was pleased with his plain honest conversation that consisted of the praises of his ship, her crew, his wife and children, and it was hard to tell which appeared most dear to him. But a multiplicity of unnecessary words, and a repetition of phrases, in a dialect she was unaccustomed to, soon wearied Elinor, and she was glad to see Rose asleep in her chair, that she might make it an excuse to bid the Captain good night; though when he was gone, she found herself very dull, and severely missed her dear Mrs. Morley. After indulging sorrow for a little while, she roused her companion, who was easily persuaded to go into her snug bed, from whence she could not behold the object of her terror. Elinor, pleased that Rose could sleep so tranquilly, notwithstanding her fears, sit up till all were quiet  
in

in the ship. She then lay down and was soon lulled into a calm sleep, by the melancholy dashing of the waves against the vessel, nor did either of them awaken, till day enlightened their little apartment.

The morning was serene and beautiful; but Elinor's heart was too unhappy to be cheered by it. The gay appearance of the eastern sky seems only to insult those who arise to misery and tears, while a clouded hemisphere corresponds with mental gloom, and the soul feels a consolation, if the heavens seem to sympathize with its affliction.

Rose, the happy Rose, was all cheerfulness. The rays of the sun dispelled her fears, and every movement of the ship conveyed her nearer to her beloved parents and a happy home—a home  
en-

enlivened by the presence of the youth she loved. She anticipated their meeting in such joyous, such affectionate terms, that poor Elinor felt the dreadful contrast of her own situation, in the severest manner, and her tears and sobs checked the gaiety of the compassionate Rose, who hung over her with tearful eyes and said beseechingly :

“ Do’unt be so very sad—prayee, do unt—deary me ! your Ladyship, do ’unt cry so.”

“ Ah ! Rose ! have I not reason ? put yourself in my place for a minute. Suppose you had no mother, no cousin Bet,—that Philip Hawthorn was with Valentine in France—that your father was lying dead there—and you had no *home*—no where to live, but with Sir Gervas at the old Priory—think how  
*you*



you would feel in such a case, and you will not wonder at my misery."

Rose fell on her knees, before Elinor; she kissed her hands, she bathed them with her tears—she was unable to express what she felt. Elinor could not soothe her, and was sorry she had been so selfish, as to awaken so painful a sympathy for her own troubles, in a breast, that, but a few minutes before, was the gay abode of content and joy. When the affectionate girl could articulate, she said :

"O ! deary me ! it do be sad indeed ! no father and mother—no merry young cousins—no home—Lord ha mercy ! only but the old Priory—no, no, do'unt go to it—do unt—come along a me, and bide at our Milbrook farm. Father and mother will love you, just so be as  
um

um do love Val, and I, and Phil, and Bet; and we will be so merry as the day is long—bless you dear, *dear* Ladyship, do unt go and break your poor heart in the doloursome Priory, only let his honour's worship, your good father, go there, cause so be it do be just fittin for dead folks—but O deary me! it be 'unt one bit fittin for live young folks, such as we do be, that do be certain."

"Well! my dear Rose, I shall very soon see what it is; and, if I find it as terrible as you say, if my uncle will give me leave, I will live with you at the farm."

This promise enlivened Rose, and Elinor resolved, if possible, not to make her unhappy, during the rest of the voyage, which was rendered tedious from a dead calm that lasted all that day

day and the next night. The second morning the wind blew fresh and they arrived at Yarmouth, where the Captain was detained some time in delivering merchandize to several tradespeople. He stopped also at Cromer, and the wind still rising, wafted them from there—to the banks of the Priory-Park.



## C H A P. XIII.

## THE ARRIVAL.

AS the vessel drew close to the bank, Elinor's heart sunk within her. She wished to stay all night on board, and land early in the morning; but she did not propose it, as she knew the Captain wanted to go on speedily to Wells, while the wind was fair. It being high tide, the ship came close to the landing-place. The moon, almost at the full, shone resplendent on the foaming waves, as they rolled over the sands. Elinor staid in the cabin, till every thing was safely landed by the dexterous  
and

and expeditious sailors. The Captain was going to unfurnish the cabin, and pack up carefully all the necessaries, when Elinor begged him to accept of the whole, and returned him thanks for his kind attention to her, while on board his ship. The good man was astonished, and could hardly find words to express his gratitude for so liberal a present, in addition to what had been already paid him for her passage. He blest her many times, for bringing such good luck to his ship, which he said was now the genteelest trader from Newcastle to London. He saw her and his niece safe on shore, and gave notice of their arrival, by calling Roger Jenkins through his speaking trumpet, who, he said, was to come out to meet them, as soon as he heard it. However, knowing that he was not very alert in his movements, the Captain ordered his men to proceed, with the corpse and the bag-

baggage, that no time might be lost, and then, taking a hearty leave of Elinor and his niece, he returned back to his ship.

Four strong men, accustomed to heavy burthens, walked lightly under the weight of the leaden coffin. Elinor followed, leaning upon Rose, and sailors with the trunks brought up the rear. The moon silvered the venerable gothic spires of the Priory, which appeared behind a grove of stately oaks. Rose trembled, at the sight of them; so did Elinor, though from a different cause—The lengthened shadow of the coffin seemed hastening towards its destined sepulchre. They entered an avenue of oaks, whose branches met over their heads, and, though at present leafless, cast an awful gloom and checkered the grass which appeared of a beautiful verdure. As they proceeded with silent  
foot-



footsteps along the moist ground, the clock struck nine, with a deep solemn sound, pausing long between every stroke. Rose shrunk back trembling, and was ready to sink with terror. Elinor started, —it seemed to her the funeral bell tolling for her father, and she was sorry when it ceased. They now drew near the ivy covered walls, the encroaching tendrils hung around the gothic arch, as if desirous to conceal the ancient gates, from which they had been cut, and also from the arms and crest which they were only suffered lightly to embower, leaving conspicuous the well-known armorial bearings, to announce a paternal home to Elinor Clifford. She contemplated them with reverential pleasure, till, roused by a terrible clattering of chains, bolts, and bars, which gave fresh alarm to the trembling Rose, who dreaded the opening of the gates, lest she should behold some horrid spectre.

tre. However, to her great joy, she perceived nothing worse than Roger Jenkins, with a lantern. One of the sailors said :

“What ho! master Jenkins! dost comed to light the moon?”

“No, no, my lad—but we do be a going into the chapel wi the corpse, and the cloisters do be dark, and so do the chapel be so dark, we oud’unt see where about to put un, God blefs you !”

“Heaven preserve us, Master Jenkins! Do ’unt take us to the chapel, prayee, do’unt. Deary me! you do knows well enough that it do be full of ghosts and goblins.”

“No matter, thof it be, Rose; we mun do what his honor’s worship do bid; and I believes as how um all will

be harmless enough, when um sees we do bring one o' their own sort, to keep um company. Take care, my lads, how you do step; the pavement be broked away here and there, in these old cloisters; go carefully. But where do be her honor his worship's niece, bless her heart! I does long to see a child o'the Priory, thof so be she did be bornd in Bengal?"

Elinor, who was very near him, held out her hand, and said: "Honest Mr. Jenkins, I have often heard my grandfather speak of you, and have wished to see you—I shall love you for his sake."

"Ah! my poor dear young master Charles! many was the bitter tear I shed, when so be um went from the old Priory, to seek a fortune in the East Indies, God help un! and there a died, poor thing, and I never seed un agen.

Lack-



Lack-a-day ! and here do be his son, another young Charles Clifford in his coffin. I did feed um once, bless his generous heart ! when um comed to the Priory, to feed Sir Gervas.—Lack-a-day ! little did I think um ould be bring'd back so soon, a murder'd corpse. Lord ha mercy on us ! it do be a piteous thing, lady, so it be, to follow a father in this fashion, and leave un cold and dead in the chapel, when he do be sole heir to the Priory and all the lands too, and a fine young man into the bargain. Well, well ! death do be a fearful thing—but lack-a-day ! heaven keep us ! murder do be a deal more fearfuller. Ah bless un ! he ould ha been walking along o'us, and looking as handsome as um did afore, if so be some one had unt beed so evil-minded as to kill un ; and now, lack-a-day ! we do be forced to leave un in the chapel, Lord

preserve un ! dear soul ! from harm in it."

Elinor was so blinded by her tears, that she could hardly see her way. At length, they came to the chapel door, and Rose, full of terror, held fast by Elinor, whose heart was too full of sorrow to have room for fear. She beheld the ancient monuments—the rusty armour, and embroidered banners of her ancestors, with awe and reverence, and, thought that in the day time she should take a melancholy pleasure in examining them minutely. As Roger Jenkins held up the lantern, that the men might see to place the remains of her father upon the altar table, she was struck with the words : ‘ Elinor Clifford fecit,’ just over it, and found that the Lord’s Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles Creed, were legibly wrought in

in orange colour crewel, on a ground of black, confined in elegant arches and relieved by a decoration of flowers from nature, the whole delicately executed with the needle. She said :

“ Who was this Elinor Clifford Mr. Jenkins ? can you tell me ? ”

“ Why, your Ladyship, she beed the mother o’ Sir Gervas and o’ master Charles, your grandfather—there do be some’ut o’he’s work in all the rooms in the Priory.”

As he spoke, the door, which he had left open, grated on its hinges and shut with such force, that the chapel seemed to shake. The banners whirled round, with a creaking noise, and a tremendous groan issued from one of the armed statues. Roger was so terrified, that he



let the lantern fall out of his hand and the candle went out. Rose fell down on her knees, and wrapped her head in the clothes of Elinor, who, though greatly alarmed, stood silently leaning upon her father's coffin. One of the sailors called out loudly:

“Hilla-o! hilla-o! old-boy! what's the matter? d'ye think as how we beed to be scared by land wi your howlings and your bellowings, old Borus! what a devil ails ye!”

“Ah! mercy on us! there be unt never an old Sir Boras among um. It do be Sir Gervas, or Sir Rowland, or Sir Charles, or——”

“Phew! man, it be unt *Sir* any body. It do be no more nor less than the wind, that comed growling through  
yon

yon chink aside o' yon figer o' fun, cased in iron to make unlast the longer. See how it do blow them there flags to and agen, and it banged the door. Phew! I knows what the wind be fast enough. Who's the fool to be feared at un o'dry ground, I wonders. Hark! there a comes agen a roaring dog, I knows his voice every bit as well as I does my own. What as he knocked down your lantern, and blowd the candle out, Master Jenkins? Well! never mind, man; we can see the clearer—there do be windys and crannies enough, to let the moon-shine in upon us. You be unt a fear'd, be ye, your Ladyship? You do unt mind a little blast, so as you do unt be out at sea. Lord! this be unt nothing at all—Jump up, young woman, for shame! What! do you be a sailor's niece, and let a puff o'wind overset ye o'dry land? Come, come; look up and let us tell your uncle that

you do be more stout hearted, than to sink to the bottom at the first squall."

Rose, venturing to look up, said :

"It be'unt a bit on it wind, no nor thunder neither. It do be a deal worfer—be unt it, Master Jenkins? It do be a goblin o'the Priory Chapel who do howl at us—so it be, I knows it."

"And thof it be, Rose—thof it be, do unt make un angry by talking o'un. Stay here still and quiet, just so be, the while I shuts the gates ater the sailer lads. Do, las, stay here wi my Lady."

"No, no, Master Jenkins. For the love o' God! let us go along wi you to bar the gate. Do unt leave us, do unt leave us here. Pray, your ladyship, do comed along wi the sailer lads and  
Master



Master Jenkins, out on this plaguy place."

Rose now clung fast to Roger Jenkins' arm, and Elinor, though not quite so frightened as her companion, did not chuse to be left alone in the chapel. She gave the sailors four guineas among them, and the poor fellows could scarcely believe that she had given them gold. One of them said :

"Heaven for ever bless your kind heart, dear Lady ! This do be a rare prize for I and mesmates—well ! they do say it do be an ill wind that do blow nobody any good—and so, that same old Borus, for he do be Borus every where else, thof um be a goblin in a church, has blown us good luck—his lingo is one and the same thing, call un how you like."

The happy failors took their leave and went whistling and singing through the grove. Roger barred the great gate, and they were obliged to pass again through the chapel, that he might fasten those doors also. Before they re-entered it, Elinor said :

“ Now, Rose, you may expect to hear the same frightful noise ; but remember that it is only the wind, and do not vex me with your simple fears. Mr. Jenkins came through by himself, when he met us, and you see *he* is safe ; therefore, endeavour to be a little more courageous, my good girl.”

## CHAP. XIV.

## THE SPECTRES OF THE CHAPEL.

ROGER JENKINS had no sooner fastened the door, than they distinctly heard footsteps in the chapel, and they presently beheld something large and white, coming swiftly towards them. Rose was immoveable, so was Jenkins. Elinor was alarmed at first, but soon perceived it was a great dog, who shewed his joy at seeing Rose, by leaping and frisking about her. Yet such was her superstition, that she cried out :

K 6

“ Ah!



“ Ah ! do unt touch me ! do unt touch me ! thof you do comed juft like our Towler, you be unt he, I do be fure.”

“ Do unt make un angry, Rose, thof a be unt—do unt kick un—yet, un *do* be juft like Towler, fure enough—only whiter and more hugey a deal.”

“ Oh ! Mafter Jenkins, look, look ; Mercy on us ! it do grow hugier and hugier—Oh ! Oh !—.” A loud whistle feemed to answer her screaming, and ſhe called : “ Phil ! Phil ! dear Phil Hawthorn, where be you ?”

A human figure now advanced filently. Rose and Elinor were arm in arm. Jenkins was behind them. The figure ſtopped for a moment, and then glided away as ſwift as thought—and the dog followed it as ſwifely. Elinor was now  
really

really surprised, as she could not imagine why if it was Philip Hawthorn, he and the dog should vanish so suddenly. She did not believe in supernatural appearances; yet, she most sincerely wished herself out of the chapel, through which, as clouds passed over the moon, and the wind blew the banners, a number of strange shadows seemed to glide. When they came to the altar, a pale dim light gleamed through a painted window on the coffin. That sight impeded Elinor's haste—she threw herself upon her knees before it, and said:

“ Oh ! my father ! my dear father, I must leave you here—O may your spirit ever hover over me ! I have obeyed you—I am come to Clifford Priory—you know it—you see me here, and will bless your Elinor.”

She

She arose—*her* fears were banished. Those of Rose and Jenkins augmented while she was speaking. They stood in trembling expectation of seeing the spirit of Mr. Clifford arise out of the coffin, and were truly rejoiced when Elinor had finished her ejaculation, and came away from the altar. They found the chapel door open—Jenkins double locked it, and led them along other gloomy cloisters, to a gothic door which he was surprised to find fastened within side. He called loudly through the key-hole:

“Why, Dame! Dame Rachel! open the door. What didst bar it for? Dame Rachel! stop a tiny bit here. She be unt in this hall—and if so be, I call her at yon windy, mayhap a may hear better.”

He



He left them—and immediately the door was opened by two people, each with a lighted candle. But they no sooner saw Elinor and Rose, than the candles fell from their hands, and they ran away without speaking. “This is very strange,” said Elinor, taking up one of the candles, which had not gone out in the fall, “what could make the people look so terrified and run away! who were they, Rose?”

“Why, your Ladyship, one did look like Cousin Phil, t’other like Dame Rachel, and t’other like our Towler agen: but, I believe, as how um do be all nothing but paritions o’ the Priory.” Rose took up the other candle and lighted it. “We’ll see our way howsoever—Ah! what do be coming ahind us! O deary me! it do be nothing worser than Master Jenkins, thank heaven!”

“So,

“So, Dame ha opened the door, I sees : but where be she ? hold the candle to me, Rose, that I may seed to make all fast. This do be our armoury, see your ladyship, um do shine a tiny-bit, thof um be rusty—Ah ! my dear young master Charles ! many a good hour has him and I play’d in this armoury. There do be his gun—his sword—his bow and arrows, and there do be his little shield that I helped to paint with the family arms upon it. Lack-a-day ! I think I do seed un now, strutting up and down wi’ it on his arm—so proud and so delighted—well ! I did love un very dearly, that’s the truth on’t. I ha keep’d all his things clean—aye and kissed his dear name on um many a good time, and you do be ums grand child ! God be praised ! I ha some’ut alive agen to love for ums dear sake. The Roan nag, that growed up from a foal for un, do be dead—and poor Rover, his own favour-

favourite dog, he do be dead too. I digged a grave for un in the grove, just by the stile and planted a mountain ash on it. I do ha got many things to shew you. Pray, what may your name be, Lady?"

"Elinor, my worthy Mr. Jenkins."

"Lack-a-day! that do be just the thing; now, we do ha got another Elinor Clifford to be Lady o'the Priory. This be the great dining-parlor in this door—and this do be the large hall—and that door do open into our kitchen. I hopes there do be a good bit o'fire to warm you, Lady—you do ha beed a long while in the cold."

Jenkins staid behind to shut the door, and Elinor and Rose went into the kitchen. A loud scream was the salutation they received from Dame Rachel. Rose  
ran



ran to her Cousin Philip, who avoided her, and kept her off, while he exclaimed:

“What in the name o’ God! be you! for what do you comed haunting me? I do unt know’d you—thof so be you do ha got the face o my own Rose. She be unt all over black as you do be—Lord ha mercy! mayhap, she do ha beed drown’d in uncle’s ship. O Rose! Rose! dear Rose Milbrook! do you be comed to tell poor Philip that you be at the bottom o’ the sea?”

“No, no, Phil! I be unt in the sea, I do be here. See, I do be alive, and she do be alive too. We be only in black a tiny bit for his worship her honor’s dead father, who we do ha leav’d just now in the chapel—God help un!”

“Then

"Then, you *do* be my own live Rose," said Philip, kissing her heartily.

"Yes, sure enough; so you be for certain and poor Dame and I do ha beed fear'd out on our wits for nothing worser than two live people, just so be cause you did look so black and frightful. I and Towler did seed you in the chapel, and we did think you beed two black goblins o' the Priory, and so we run'd away; and then, you comed to the armoury door, and scared us agen, and Dame Rachel too, come, Dame, come; cheer up a bit—um be Rose and her honor; um be unt Goblins."

"Now, thanks be to blessed heaven! no more um be unt, Phil Hawthorn. I begs pardon your honor's dear Ladyship; you do be most kindly welcome to Clifford Priory—your good uncle his worship Sir Gervas do be goned to bed long ago. You'll see un in the morning,

ing, when um gets up. Bless his heart! a will be so cheery at the sight on you, cause so be you do'unt be a bit like a gay Lunnun lady not you. No, no, you only looks like a poor dejected pretty fair thing all in black. Come Roger Jenkins, cut some nice thin rashers o'bacon, and bring a few eggs, and the cheese, and draw us a jug o'ale. We'll ha a feast ater our frights and fears. We *do* be to make much o' you—his worship said 'Take care o' her, Rachel, be she what she will, cause so be she do come here on purpose to be taked care on. Her father, afore a was killed, begged it on me, and I oud unt do unkindly by her, seeing as how she ha no friend all in the wide world but my ownself, and that, Rachel, do be a very sad thing, seeing that if I dies, she on't ha never a one at all. So, I hopes I may unt go in a hurry, for she's sake, poor thing!

There



There now, um do be's his worship's very own words, Lady. Oh! he do be so kind hearted to you!"

"I am very happy to hear you say so. He shall find me grateful for all his goodness to me. Do *you* remember my grandfather, Dame Rachel?"

"Yes, bless his heart! a did be such a merry young gentleman, every body did love un better than Master Gervas, cause so be um oud be so gamesome and open hearted! Thof I beed a very young girl. In them days, I well remember what a rare bit o' fun Master Charles made among us all, um beed so free and good-natured, now his worship, Master Gervas, did be more prouder and graver, and not quite so handsome as Master Charles. Then, well-a-day! a did bide here, and took'd care o' the estate, and poor dear Master Charles  
goed

goed to Lunnun, and grow'd wild, and so a only just comed back again for a tiny bit to say good by, afore a went abroad, and a did unt leaved a dry eye a hind un, when so be um goed for good, and all, poor fellow! well-a-day! that um never lived to comed back agen."

"O deary me!" exclaimed Rose, "all the trunks do be leaved in the chapel."

"No, no; um be unt, Rose—um do all be in the armoury hall. Sailor lads did carry un into there, afore that same howling did scare us."

"How glad I do be, Master Jenkins, cause so be my clothes do be in um, and I oud never ha fancied um agen if so be um had bided all night in yon chapel, for fear um oud ha beed

beed bewitched ever ater : please your good Ladyship, will you let me take un out, cause so be if I goed home this black figure, father, mother, and Bet, will be scared at me, just so be like Phil Hawthorn."

"I cannot unpack my things to-night, Rose : you shall have them to-morrow. Stay with me to-night—your cousin Philip can go home and inform your parents of your safe arrival."

"No ; I must go, thank your ladyship. I must go, indeed ! Phil can run in first, and tell un I do be all black, and then, un ont be scared when un do feed me—I must go—it do be moonshine all along the grove and Phil Hawthorn will whistle every step on the way, and it be unt near so bad as the Priory its own self, your Ladyship. Come Phil."

"Better



“Better eat a bit, Rose and Phil.”

“No, thankee, Dame; it do be late and um do be fitting up for us at home, be unt um Phil? Good night your dear Ladyship; heaven preserve you among all the bad things in the Priory, and from all paritions.”

“Yes, Rose, from such apparitions as your cousin Philip and your dog Towler, and such goblins as Rose Milbrook and Elinor Clifford in black. We have been frightened ourselves and have frightened others, you see, only because it is supposed that the Priory is haunted, and I am sorry to find your fears are not removed, as they make you unhappy.”

“You be unt angry, be you, your Ladyship? I will comed and bide along wi you, some night or other—only but not *this* night, if you please.”

“No,

"No, Rose, I am not angry," said Elinor smiling and holding out her hand; "let me see you to-morrow, my good girl. I wish you a good night."

"Good night, your Ladyship, bless your dear heart! I do be sure to comed to-morrow—Good night, Dame Rachel and Master Jenkins!"

Rose and Phil were rejoiced to quit the Priory. Elinor did not wonder, though she was sorry—she wished very much that Rose could have staid with her for some days, just till she was accustomed to the Priory, and acquainted with the inhabitants, and was vexed that not only the fears of Rose, but also her love for Philip would render it a punishment to live, even for a few days, at the Priory, which appeared indeed a very dismal place to Elinor, who had been

habituated from her birth to elegance, gaiety, and fashion, and to a number of domestics both at home and in all the houses where she visited. The gloomy dirty looking apartments she had passed through, were a bad specimen of her present abode, as was the immense and dreary kitchen, of which she could not distinguish half by the feeble glimmer of one small candle and a low wood fire; for, as there was plenty of wood to be got for nothing, Sir Gervas would not suffer a coal to come into the house. She thought herself in a dungeon; and, to be obliged to sup there with her uncle's servants, was a beginning that both surprised and humiliated her. She did not wish to be by herself in that dull mansion; yet, that Rachel and Jenkins should bring her there and place themselves at the same table, without making the least apology, seemed  
not



not to correspond with what Jenkins had called her "the Lady of the Priory." She however behaved herself free and agreeable to her two well-meaning companions, whom she could not dislike for being more affectionate than polite, though that affection made them say many things which renewed her grief, while they ignorantly imagined they were consoling her.

Elinor eat one poached egg only, and then desired Jenkins to fetch the smallest trunk out of the armoury, and set it in the apartment where she was to sleep, as she was very much fatigued and could not sit up any longer. On hearing this, Rachel said:

"Stay a tiny bit, Roger, just so be while I do light the lamp for

our Lady, cause you knows as how she may goed up to her chamber at the same time, and then, you and I can comed down both together.

“Where does my uncle sleep?”

“In the stone room, under the tower, just ayond the great hall, and I does sleep in what did be the house-keeper’s room, just near to the kitchen, and Roger Jenkins in the servant’s hall.”

“And why am I to sleep up stairs by myself, when all the family are below?”

“His honor’s worship do say you must, cause so be ’tis a fine room, fittin for a Lady.”

Elinor

Elinor said no more, but followed Rachel, very much vexed at feeling a timidity she could not shake off.



## CHAP. XV.

## THE BED-CHAMBER.

WHEN JENKINS had taken the little trunk out of the armoury, he led the way to a wide oak stair-case, with bannisters of the same, clumsily carved. Galleries led various ways, from this stair-case, to a number of apartments. Jenkins stopped, and, looking around, said :

“ Which way be I to <sup>o</sup> go, Dame? I do ha forgot ? ”

“ I’ll

"I'll shew you—this way—no it be unt—stay—O yes—this do be the way—aye, aye, this do be the door, I knows well enough."

Rachel opened it and they entered a very large chamber, wainscoted with oak, and surrounded with portraits, most of them full lengths. Elinor said:

"Bless me! this looks more like a picture gallery than a bed-chamber."

"Um do ha beed put here cause it do be a dry room—the windys be unt broked."

Elinor looked at them—they were high and gothic, with small casements, and neither curtains nor shutters. The floor was oak, without a carpet, not even a bit round the bed, which had a most so-

lemn appearance. It was very large, with lofty cornices. The furniture seemed to be black, but Rachel told her it was dark purple cloth, fringed with the same colour, even the coverlid was purple, fringed like the curtains. It reminded her of the black pall in the Mysteries of Udolpho. Rachel turned down the sheet, and the bed had not quite such a funeral look—Rachel said:

“The bed do be well yair’d, Lady, I do gi you my word on it. The sheets be unt fine—all the fine linen do ha beed wear’d out long ago, an his honor’s worship oud never buy’d any more. These do be good home-spun, neither better nor worfer—I spinn’d um my own self. But see, Lady, here do be a nice fine pilly-case to lay your pretty face upon. I did make plenty o’um, out on the old sheets when I tored un up—and lack-a-daisy! the fine towels do be wored out

too.



too. Here do be one of the softest I cou'd pick out, to wipe your white hands, bless um! Heaven fend you may sleep safe and comfortably in our Old Priory, my dear young Lady! God bless you! good night! stay, Roger Jenkins—gi me hold on your arm—good night, Lady!”

When Rachel and Jenkins were gone, Elinor locked her door with some difficulty, as the lock was very rusty. In going back to her bed, she saw something glide along a distant part of the chamber which startled her very much, till she found it was the reflection of herself in a large glass that she had not observed: she was ashamed of her fears, yet could not entirely shake them off, and said to herself:

“Why should I be afraid? though in my own situation, the fictions I have read seem to be realized and Clifford

Priory, at the end of the seventeenth century, appears to me as terrific an abode as any Priory or Castle, real or imaginary. Yet, why should I be afraid? why imbibe superstitious ideas, because I find they are as strongly implanted in ignorant minds *now*, as they ever could have been in the earliest periods! I am ashamed of my folly! how ridiculous it is to follow the example of ignorance! The gayest mansion cannot exclude the phantastic forms with which a disordered mind may be haunted. Lady Liberia is not in Clifford Priory; yet, she beholds the phantom of her deceased, her injured husband. I never was afraid in Portman-square, my house was cheerful and modern, I had no dread of spectres there. Ah no! yet, worse than spectres entered it—thieves—and *murderers*! or, O my dear father! you would not be lying in the chapel!—I should not be *here*. Fatal abode of elegance and gaiety,

gaiety, why should I regret you ! had we always lived in this dull mansion, retired from the world, my father would have been alive, and I should have thought it a happy home."

She lifted up her tearful eyes and most devoutly recommended herself to the protection of the Almighty—and, not having taken off her clothes for two nights, she felt refreshed and comfortable, when she lay down—and turning her thoughts, from vain fears to a grateful sensibility for a good uncle and a safe asylum in the respectable mansion of her ancestors, from which it would be no disgrace for Sir Clement to take her, she sunk into a calm repose.

Awakened by a most delightful harmony, she opened her eyes and saw the light darting through her sable looking curtains, which the moths had eaten into



fine lace work. Birds of various songs seemed to have assembled at her window, to bid her welcome to the Priory, and cheer her with their enlivening notes. *This* concert was new and pleasing. She arose and was sorry to find that the height of her window prevented her from seeing the little musicians. However, upon getting up on the top of an old fashioned commode which stood under it, she saw them in a shrubbery of evergreens, that had grown luxuriantly wild and lofty, and afforded them a shelter, at a season when the other trees were destitute of leaves, where she was happy to think they would be her constant and near neighbours, till the oaks beyond invited them to dwell in their leafy branches. The prospect was beautiful on either hand, and terminated in front by the sea, to which a clear brook meandered through the garden and grove. Elinor found that, by putting a chair upon

upon the commode, she could sit and draw or write on the window with ease, as it was broad, and, when she was so situated, of a good height. She now jumped down, and examined the portraits. Some of them appeared very ancient: one, of a handsome young man, resembled her father so much, that she concluded it must be her grandfather, and she gazed on it with pleasure. As the pictures were all in tolerable preservation, she liked them better than the dismal wainscot. On walking round the room, she perceived a door opposite to that by which she had entered. She held her hand upon the lock for some time, hesitating whether she should open it or not. At last, impelled by curiosity, she did and found herself in a large light closet. The gothic window was low and bowed wide enough for a harpsichord to stand in it. Elinor was rejoiced to see any thing like a musical

sical instrument. Under it lay a guitar case, and a box containing a large collection of music by famous but deceased masters. The wainscot of this closet was covered with paintings, drawings, curious *paper*, and *shell* flowers, and larger works in shells, &c. highly finished and well preserved. Several small Indian and inlaid cabinets and corner shelves were decorated with ornamental china, a large desk and book-case, with looking-glass doors, stood opposite the window, and, by reflecting the prospect, gave great gaiety to the closet, in which was a carpet and chairs of needle work. The book-case was full of books neatly bound and well selected both for instruction and amusement—the desk contained all the implements for writing, but the ink was dried in the bottle, and the paper yellow as saffron. Letters, bills, and receipts were, some tied in parcels, others lying loose in the drawers. Elinor did  
not



not take time to look at the dates, but, shutting the desk, looked into the drawers beneath, which were full of lady's wearing apparel, laces and fine linen discoloured by time. In the cabinets, were the more ornamental parts of dress, beads, rings, jewels, the latter appeared valuable, and various trinkets. Among those, was a curious and elegant memorandum-book of vellum, in a gold fillagree case in which was written 'Elinor Clifford, a new-year's gift from my dear son Charles.'

"My great grand-mother's!" exclaimed Elinor, "my revered grandfather's present! valuable little book!" She kissed the writing and laid it in its place—she looked around her with awe and astonishment, to think all those things belonged to Lady Clifford, who died soon after her father was born.

She

She went to the window, and saw at a distance the farm and mill, with an extensive view of cultivated ground. Nearer she beheld the grove, so tremendous to Rose, and the garden fancifully laid out, though neglected, terrace-walks, parterres, fish-ponds, and bowers. On the left, a noble green-house, on the right, beyond the antique but beautiful chapel, arose a romantic rock, partially covered with yew, cypress, and other melancholy looking trees. The brook fell over a part of this rock and formed a fine cascade. Then, wound its smooth and silent way, glittering among the trees and fertilizing the lands around the farm. While Elinor was anticipating the mature beauty of such a prospect, Rachel knocked at the door and called :

“ Lady,

"Lady, Lady, be you up, sweet Lady! His honor's worship do long to see you."

"I am glad to hear my uncle is up, good Dame," said Elinor, unlocking the door.

"Yes, he do be waiting breakfast for you. Well! how didst sleep, dear Lady?"

"Very well, till I was awakened by sweet music."

"Heaven keep us! what! did um play the harpsichord in the closet?"

"No, Dame. I heard no sound of instruments. The birds awakened me—



me—hark, do you not hear them fing-  
ing among the evergreens ?”

“ Yes, I hears um—but lack-a-daisy !  
I beed feared it did be some ut wor-  
fer. The harpuscord or guitar. Hea-  
ven help us ! and what a thing that oud  
ha beed, Lady !”

“ A very strange thing, indeed, my  
good Dame, if they had played of  
themselves !”

“ Aye, aye ; there do be a plenty  
o’strange things in such a *pla-ace* as  
this do be. But I ont make you feared,  
cause so be his worship do say it be a  
bad thing, seeing as how you do be a  
stranger.”

“ I must

"I must follow you, Dame, or I shall lose myself."

"Aye, bless you ! I will shew you to his worship, your uncle, Sir Gervas. He do be comed into his study to breakfast."

## CHAP. XVI.

## AN OLD UNCLE.

SIR GERVAS CLIFFORD, seated in an easy chair, very close to the chimney, where a small quantity of wood was just beginning to blaze, resembled winter personified. His thin shrivelled form was enveloped in a dark grey stuff damask gown, lined with fur. A black velvet cap, lined also, with sable turned up all round, was tied under his chin. His cravat was black calico, and his slippers hare-skin inside and out.

Elinor



Elinor was at his feet, before he saw her—she kissed his hand, and looked affectionately up at him, without being able to speak. Sir Gervas, surprised at her beauty and charmed by her interesting behaviour, said :

“Dost love your own uncle in very truth, my pretty creature? heaven make me thankful! I believe thou dost—don’t cry—don’t cry—though Clifford Priory is an old place, and I am an old man, never mind it, so long as neither the Priory nor I can help our age, you know. *You* will not be so young and so pretty a good many years hence, if you live so long, which God forbid you should not, if it is only to be a comfort to your poor old uncle.”

“My dear and honoured uncle! my only friend and protector! how kind you were to give me leave to come and live

live with you ! you shall never find your own Elinor Clifford ungrateful."

"How ! what ! what did you say ! my *own* Elinor Clifford. No, no ; that can't be ! 'tis impossible ! *She* is gone—she can never, *never* come to me again, sweet angel ! well, well ! it can't be helped—heaven has sent you to me in her stead. Well ! poor thing, you shall be my child now, you have no friend but me, you say, don't cry ; I will be both a father and uncle to you. My poor dear mother was Elinor Clifford, my only child was Elinor Clifford—Alas a day ! they are both gone from me, and it would be very unnatural of me not to love you, and take care of you, seeing that you are another Elinor Clifford. Come, come, get off your knees, my child, and don't cry any more ; I will be very kind to you."

"It

"It is your kindness that affects me, Sir; these are the tears of gratitude."

"Aye, aye, you shall have reason to be grateful. You shall have a fine fortune when I die—but seeing it may be you will not live so long as me, I had better give you something now directly—yes you shall have all my mother's things—all that you find in the chamber where you sleep, and in the closet, I make you a present of, and a very valuable present it is, I can tell you—*very valuable*. I can't give you my wife's, nor my child's—no, no; you will have enough without them—Come now and give your good old uncle a kiss for such a fine gift, and love him for being so generous to you—there's my dear! now don't cry any more, but eat a hearty breakfast with me."

Elinor



Elinor was surprised to hear her uncle mention a wife and child, as she did not recollect having heard that he had ever been married—she thanked him most gratefully for the present he made her. He told her the keys were in all the drawers, and to amuse herself after breakfast with looking over her treasure, and she did not tell him that her curiosity had anticipated his request. When she sat down to the table, she was much surprised to see it covered with young sallad, water-creffes, hard eggs, boil'd milk, and brown bread toasted. Sir Gervas eat of every thing, and pressed Elinor to do the same, but she only took some milk and dry toast, which she did not greatly relish, as she longed for tea, or coffee; but, as it was the first morning, would not ask for any. When the repast was ended, Sir Gervas said:

“ As

"As the sun shines warm, I will venture out into the garden a little bit—will you walk with your old uncle, my pretty Elinor?"

"With pleasure, sir—you shall lean upon my arm. I will not walk too fast for you."

"And will you talk to me always with that soft angel's voice, and never speak cross to your poor old uncle?"

"Never, my dear sir, I cannot be so undutiful—so wicked."

"Heaven bless you! I have not seen any thing so pretty, nor heard any thing so sweet, since I lost my Lydia. Alas a day! she was just so fair and soft as you are—but she is gone—and I am grown old—yet, I cannot forget her. No, no, I can never forget my Lydia!"

Will you let me talk to you of past days? will you hear of all my troubles and be sorry for me? Yes, yes I know you will—and you shall tell me all yours and so we will amuse one another by talking of old times, and of sad times.”

“Ah! Sir, I fear it will make you melancholy.”

“So will looking at you do just as bad—sometimes, I shall think my Lydia is come back to enliven my days—sometimes that you are my little girl, my Elinor, grown up to bless her father—so it is all one, I may as well *talk* as *think*. O God! well, well, we must all go by and by—happy are they who went first—I have been left to misery, years, years of misery.—Come, come, I won’t be melancholy—I will show you what a fine place the priory is, setting aside its being



being old, which can't be helped. It wants a few repairs, to be sure, here and there—well! I shall leave money to put it all in order; so, it is no matter for the present.”

“But if you were to repair it now, Sir, you would have the pleasure of seeing it look so clean and handsome.”

“It is clean enough, and handsome enough for me. I will not put myself to any expence about it. The more I save, the more I shall leave; and, let me tell you, it is well for you, child, that I know the value of money better than my brother Charles, and his son and daughter did. Where would you have gone to now, if I had been extravagant like them—if I had played the devil and spent my money, and mortgaged the Priory and all belonging to it?

There would have been a fine job! Then, instead of having this comfortable happy home to come to, you must have gone a begging to strangers, my pretty Elinor—aye, aye, you have great reason to love your careful old uncle, my poor girl, who has saved a good fortune for you, when every body else forgot you.”

Elinor felt this speech severely. She thought it reflected too cruelly on her father. She did not speak, but wiped away her tears in silent affliction, while Sir Gervas continued.

“Nay, nay, no tears sweet one—come, come and look at the garden. God be praised, that it takes care of itself and puts on new clothes every spring without costing money—we will pay a visit to the gold and silver fishes in that round pond. Run to the kitchen for  
a few

a few crumbs, and then, you shall see them eat—poor little things they must feed as well as us. They were brought here first to please my Lydia; many a time has she fed them from her dear hand—and my little Elinor, how delighted she used to be, to see them catch the bread she threw to them! O memory! memory! I will sit down here in the sun, till you come, Elinor.”

Sir Gervas sat down on a garden chair, while Elinor went for the bread. When she returned, they went to the pond, and after feeding the fishes, of which there was a great number, all extremely beautiful, they examined the green-house. Elinor who was very fond of plants and flowers, said :

“ O Sir, what a pity it is to let all these fine exotics decay, for want of a little attention, some of them will thrive



yet, I believe, if they are taken care of."

"May be so, my dear—but greenhouse and hot-house plants are very expensive and troublesome things, because they will not take care of themselves. They want as much attendance and nursing as so many babies, and are never done with; and, then, after all this care and expence, we can't *eat* them; so they *save* no money, only *cost* a great deal; and nature produces prettier things than them every month, for me to look at and smell, and for nothing at all, that's best. But, God help you! how should you know any thing about nature—there is nothing to be seen in London but art and extravagance—I *bate* London; there, my brother was ruined—there, my nephew was murdered and there too, my niece, Lady Stanmore, must

must marry, like a fool, a wild young spendthrift, and follow him all over the world, till he leaves her a beggar, that will be the end, I suppose. Well, well! you are come away from that fatal London before *you* were ruined. You are safe with your old uncle, heaven make me thankful! I have got *one* out of the family to live with me at last."

"Did you ever wish for any of us, sir?"

"Yes, Elinor; but what signified wishing—you were all gay and happy together and did not care for an afflicted old man. No—I was neglected and forgotten, till misfortunes reminded you of me; then was the *uncle* solicited to protect a child in necessity, to whom in affluence he was a

stranger. I forgot, at least, I *for-*  
*gave* the neglect, and opened my  
arms to receive you. I love you—  
you shall not want for any thing in  
Clifford Priory—we will live com-  
fortably together, my Elinor, you  
shall see that, very comfortably—  
Ah! now I recollect. I must send  
for a man or two from Farmer  
Milbrook's to lift your father into  
the vault, if you have no objec-  
tion to his being put down there—  
stay; first, I will go and look at  
the coffin; you need not go with  
me, unless you choose it, my dear  
child."

"I had rather go with you, sir, if  
you will give me leave."

"Go then, my love, and tell Ro-  
ger Jenkins to bring the key of  
the



the chapel, and I will rest myself again, till you and he come; for, I am soon wearied, notwithstanding my stick and your arm."

## CHAP. XVII.

## A SURPRISE.

WHEN ROGER JENKINS came with the key, they entered the chapel. Sir Gervas leaning upon him, followed Elinor, who, as she approached the altar, exclaimed :

“ Oh ! Mr. Jenkins, why did you remove or bury my father without telling me ? ”

“ I bury

"*I* bury un! *I* move un! why *I* ha unt been'd in the chapel, Lady, since *I* did leave un here last night."

"Then, *who* has moved him? for, he is not *here*?"

"Mercy preserve us! where do un be goned to? Oh! your worship, do unt stay—do unt stay—for, sure enough, the Goblins do ha devour'd un, coffin and all—do unt stay, your worship."

"Nonsense—nonsense — don't be a fool, man—where did you set it last night? I suppose you have forgot."

"No, no, your worship! *I* did put, no, *I* did make sailor lads put un o'top on the altar-table—but a do be goned off on it agen, for certain that a do—lack-a-day! heaven help us!"



Elinor could now hardly support herself; her amazement and terror was so great. She laid hold of her uncle's arm: he felt her tremble and said:

"Do not be frightened, Elinor, it was dark, and Roger is such a fearful simpleton, that I dare say he did not know where he ordered the corpse to be set. We shall find it presently; don't *you* give way to silly fears."

"Indeed, sir, I know that my father was placed upon the altar-table—he is not there *now*, who can have taken him away, my dear sir?"

While they were speaking they walked on, towards the altar. When they arrived at the rails, neither coffin nor table were to be seen. Elinor's alarm encreased, at beholding a deep chasm

chasm in the ground, and Roger Jenkins exclaimed:

“Lack-a-day! mercy on us! ~~by your~~ worship’s honor, do but look—if a be unt swallowed up every bit on um, table and all, in a yearth-quake.”

“No, no, we have had no earthquake, you simpleton—I see how it has been—the entrance to the vault was by a large trap-door of wood, on which the table stood: that door being grown rotten, was not able to support the weight of the coffin, which I suppose was lead; so, it gave way, and they have fallen in, that is all. But he shall not stay in the vault, Elinor, if you do not like it. I will indulge your fancy, my girl, if you had rather keep him in the Priory till you are buried with him. I will let you have a handsome room to put him in, where you may  
visit

visit him as often as you like. If this be your inclination, God forbid I should deny you such a trifle, to be a comfort to you, my poor child."

"No, no, your worship, do unt let un comed into the Priory. Do unt I prayee—let un bide down there, seeing so be um ha gonod down o'um ownself, nobody ha unt put un there; and your worship knows as how there do be enough o'um in the Priory already, that there be."

"Hold your tongue, Roger—hold your tongue; not a word more, for your life. I say that my nephew Charles Clifford *shall* come and stay in the Priory, if my niece wishes to have him there—he can easily be taken up and brought in, my dear."

"No,



"No, Sir. I am perfectly satisfied that my father's remains should be deposited with those of his ancestors—I have no desire to keep him above ground. I hope the coffin is not broke."

"I hope not—go Roger on the right hand and look down."

"I prayee do unt bid me, your honor; for, mayhap, I may see some ut frightful, when I do look down."

"Get away, you fool!—my niece and I will look—we have more sense than to be afraid. What can we see in a vault but coffins and skeletons? what hurt can they do us! You and Rachel are afraid of your own shadows."

Sir Gervas and Elinor went within-side the rails and looked down. The  
old

old door lay flanting upon the lowermost steps, beyond which they could only distinguish some remains of the broken table. Sir Gervas concluded that the coffin must have fallen a great way into the vault—it was too dark for them to see far—he said :

“ Go, Roger, and fetch a man or two, from the farm, directly, and bring a candle in the lantern, and my prayer-book, and spectacles: make all the haste you can—we will stay here, till you come back.”

Roger Jenkins did not wait for a second order—he would rather have walked twenty miles than have gone down the steps.

This accident was very awful and terrifying to Elinor, as she feared the coffins might have burst open in the fall, and,

and, though she knew her father could not be hurt, yet the idea of it was shocking. Sir Gervas was sorry to see her so much affected, and said all he could think of, to banish her fears, which he hoped were groundless. He showed her every thing he thought worthy of observation in the chapel, gave her many family anecdotes, and made her acquainted with the characters of those whose armour and monuments she saw there. Thus passed away the time, till Roger Jenkins returned. He brought with him two men, who removed all impediments from the steps, and Elinor went down with her uncle, and had the satisfaction to see that the coffin had not been injured by the fall. As it was too heavy for only two men to lift into one of the niches, Sir Gervas said it must remain where it was, till they had more help, as neither Roger nor himself had strength enough  
to



to assist in lifting it up. He then opened his book, and, by the light of the lantern, read the funeral service, in a very solemn and distinct manner. Elinor's tears flowed fast, as she devoutly joined in the prayers, and petitioned heaven that they might not be less acceptable, because they were not pronounced by a divine.

When Sir Gervas had finished, and they were ascended into the chapel, he ordered a door of the coach-house, that had fallen off its hinges, to be fetched, and that was laid over the entrance of the vault. Jenkins took care to put some heavy logs upon it, and the table was supported by them on its broken frame and covered with the old purple velvet.

When Elinor returned to the Priory, she was greatly disordered. The damp  
earthy

earthy smell of the vault, added to what she suffered from witnessing this last sad ceremony, had quite overcome her weak spirits. Sir Gervas was miserable to see her so pale and ill; he called Rachel and desired she would warm some distilled peppermint and sweeten it with honey, which she did immediately. Elinor drank some of it and found herself revived and warmer. Her uncle, who had exerted himself too much and was greatly fatigued, took some of it himself, and desired Elinor to sit with him and not stay up stairs alone, till she had a little recovered her spirits. She willingly obeyed him, as she had no inclination to examine the apparel of one, whose present dark and silent abode she had just quitted.

“I hope,” said Sir Gervas, “to see you very soon happy, my dear child. The Priory and the chapel are fine ancient buildings; they have been  
greatly

greatly admired in their time, I assure you, by all people of taste: so have the family pictures in your room; they were painted by great masters and have not lost all their beauty, though they were a little damaged by the damp air coming into the gallery where they hung. Then the garden, the groves, the beautiful view of the sea, and above all, the healthy breezes that blow from it, make this a most desirable spot. The more you see of it, the better you will like it. Oh! how charming it looks in summer—then it is in all its beauty.”

Thus did the partial Sir Gervas endeavour to reconcile his niece to Clifford Priory.



## C H A P. XVIII.

## THE ICE-HOUSE.

BEFORE two o'clock, a clean, but very coarse, table cloth was spread on a small table in the study, and a trencher and horn can placed for each. The dinner came in soon after, and consisted of a fine trout, with only plain butter for sauce, and a little apple-pudding. No wine was to be seen, ale was their only beverage, and, though Elinor had never drank malt liquor, till she came to the Priory and disliked it very much, yet she would not say so, for fear of vexing her uncle who greatly praised the beer.

When

When their frugal repast was ended, he settled himself to take a nap in his easy chair, as was his usual custom, and Elinor went up into her own apartment with Rose, who came while they were at dinner. Jenkins had made the men carry up the trunks before they left the Priory, and Rachel rewarded them for their jobs with some cold bacon, brown-bread and plenty of ale, with which payment they were well satisfied, as *money* was never given at the Priory—nor ever seen there, except when it was received from the tenants.

Rose rejoiced at beholding once more her red cloak and petticoat, with the rest of her gay things; but did not like to stay above stairs. She was afraid to move or look about her. Elinor pitying her fear, went down with her; and, as it was very fine, they walked all over the garden, which was extensive and laid out

out with great taste; but every walk, every bed of flowers was overgrown with weeds. Elinor said:

“Now, as the days begin to lengthen and be fine, I shall work hard and soon clear this beautiful garden from these odious weeds. I will get up early and go on regularly with my employment, and you shall see what an improvement I will make in it.”

“And I will run’d over to help your Ladyship, and we’ll work together. I knows how to weed better than you do, bless your heart! I’ll show you how to pluck them up. Our garden do be very neat and pretty, though it do be small, and Bet and me do take care on it. Father and Phil do ha’ other things to do; but Phil may come sometimes, and mend the bowers, and nail, and clip for us; ’cause so be he can climb a ladder



der better than we can, you knows; and deary me! he do be monstrous clever and good nater'd. He'll do any thing I axes of un, and I told un how your good Ladyship's honor ha' promised I and cousin Bet such fine things, agen we do be married, all so *white* and *pretty*! and he do be so pleased! Lord love you! he'll make a garden, or do any thing for you, every time father can spare un, that a will."

"I shall be much obliged to him; and I hope we shall make it a charming place by summer."

"I wishes that so be we could pull down the old Priory, and make a pretty new one, not a bit nor morsel like this here."

"N

“Not pull it down, Rose, that would  
would be a pity; we would repair it a  
little, if we were able.”

“Ah! deary me! I oud never set  
about mending such a frightful old  
place as this do be by night and by day;  
and then the chapel: Oh! I oud unt  
leave a crum o’the chapel; I oud send  
all the grave stones, and coffins, and  
howling men to the church-yard; that  
do be the fittest place for um: and then,  
the walls and all the rest o’ it I oud ha  
throw’d into the sea, where I oud never  
see one bit on um agen, never no more;  
and then, ater all the ground do ha  
been turn’d over agen and agen a many  
times, I oud plant a fine garden of  
gay flowers on it, that so be I might  
never think one bit about the dismal  
dolorous chapel all my life ater, and  
that oud be making a charming place  
indeed, your Ladyship! I wishes as how

you ould ha the goodnes to tell his worship, Sir Gervas, that you do be fear'd to look on it, and who knows, may hap he ould pull it down and throw it away, to please your dear Ladyship."

"But I am *not* afraid of it, Rose. I like to look at such a curious old building, and should be very sorry to see it pulled to pieces."

"Heaven preserve us! how wonderful that do be! and you do sleep all alone by your own self too, in that great black bed, and do unt be fear'd ont on your life."

"Why should I be afraid? I never injured any body."

"No more did unt I. Yet, I do be very fear'd indeed, your Ladyship."

"It



"It is happy for you that you are not Sir Gervas Clifford's niece."

"Ah! so it do be indeed. Deary me! what oud I do? Lawk-a-day! fee, your Ladyship, here do be a tiny door down here—where do un go to?"

"To an ice-house, I imagine."

"Nice—I do unt think it be a very nice house down in the yearth, so as this do be; I oud unt like to go in it."

"I mean a place to keep ice."

"But it ont never stay, thof um do want to keep it ever so—no, not if um do hide it from the warm sun, yet it ont keep *ice*, it will run all about the house, just like water."

“Not if it is kept properly—it will stay during the hottest summer without melting.”

“Then, it do be bewitch’d for certain! Comed away, do unt open the ugly little door, I oud be so fear’d to see ice, now winter do be just goned away.”

“It is used all the summer, to cool wine and to freeze fine creams so hard, that they may be formed and coloured to imitate fruit. You may see upon a table apples, oranges, peaches, and nectarines; and, when you taste them, they melt like snow, and chill your mouth.”

“Ah! it do be all witchcraft. God forbid that I oud ever taste un! only think! deary me! if so be I did see a  
fine

fine peach or apple, and I ould go to bite a great piece, on a hot day, and it ould all turn to ice and snow in my mouth, what ould I do? Oh! oh! oh! how I do be shiver'd all over, only but to think on it! indeed, your ladyship, it do be nothing better than a devil or a witch, or a goblin, that ould fly in the face o' God Almighty, and bring back hard frosty winter in the shape o' good fruit, when he sends us beautiful fine warm summer and right earnest *true* fruit, that wont make the mouth cold. It do be very monstrous wicked, I be certain sure o' that."

Elinor dropped the subject — she did not attempt to bias simple nature in favor of forced luxuries, and Rose hastened away from a place, which she was told contained ice, so long after she



had seen it melted on the ponds; for, the winter had been remarkably mild, and the spring was warm and forward."

Rose, who wished to get home before dusk, went into the Priory, just to fetch her bundle, and was happy to quit it so early.

Elinor walked with her to the garden gate, and then sat down in a bower, at the end of a terrace that overlooked the grove, and saw Rose cross the stile which parted it from her father's field. The prospect was diversified and beautiful, and Elinor promised herself some pleasure in taking the various surrounding views. Sir Clement Darnley was a great admirer of her paintings, and she had taken care to furnish herself with every

every thing necessary for the exertion of a talent, in which she excelled most of her sex. She had brought also most of her music books, and hoped she should be able to put the instruments, that had lain so long neglected in the closet, sufficiently in tune to amuse herself. Painful reflection now turned on her father who used to delight in hearing her play and sing. He no more would hang enraptured on the back of her chair, while she sung, and, when the song was ended, reward her with the kiss of affection. She gave way to sorrow—no one was by, to render restraint necessary—unmindful of time, she sat absorbed in affliction—the sun was set—the mists of evening had shaded the prospect, long before she thought of quitting the bower.

## CHAP. XIX.

## THE LABYRINTH.

AS ELINOR walked towards the Priory, she heard Jenkins and Rachel calling her as loud as they could. The chapel spires had just met her eyes and filled them again with tears. Sobs, that she in vain endeavoured to suppress, heaved her bosom and stifled her voice. Slowly she approached her melancholy home, which the gloom of night and her low spirits now rendered horrible to her. She dreaded to enter into it—to see her uncle—she wished to hide herself in the garden. She turned  
back



back to avoid the way where she had heard Jenkins and Rachel calling her, lest she should meet them, and wandered about, not minding which path she took, till she lost herself in a labyrinth. It was now quite dark—she no longer heard herself called by the domestics. She was alarmed—she started at every shrub whose unclipped branches, extending over the walk, caught her clothes as she passed. At last, the voice of her uncle murmured mournfully through the trees—she stopped and heard him say :

“ Elinor ! my Elinor Clifford ! where be you, my darling ? have you forsaken your poor uncle already ? ”

The accents of affection soothed the aching heart of Elinor. She felt ashamed of her ungrateful behaviour—her selfish grief—and readily answered.

"I am here, my dear uncle, in a labyrinth, I believe; for, I cannot find my way out."

"Heaven blefs thee, my child! I am glad to hear thy sweet voice once more. Stand still—I know the windings and will fetch thee myself, though it is very dark and *late* for me to be out in the air."

"Then, pray, do not venture my dear fir, for fear you should fall, or catch cold. Send Jenkins to fetch me—or I will try to find my way."

"No, no, my child. I do not feel cold—and I will walk carefully—be sure you stand still till I come."

Elinor did as she was desired, and Sir Gervas crept along, supported only by his stick, as fast as he could, to liberate

berate her from her leafy prison, into which she was extremely sorry that she had entered and given her uncle so much uneasiness and fatigue. Before they met, Jenkins and Rachel came out again, and missing Sir Gervas, were in a terrible fright and ran about, calling him and Miss Clifford, as loud as they were able, without ceasing—Sir Gervas said pettishly:

“Hold your tongues! hold your tongues! what a noise you make both of you! bring a light, Roger, in the lantern.”

“Heaven bless and preserve your dear worship! where do you be? ha? you found our dear Lady, your worship’s honor?”



“ Yes, yes ; Rachel and you may find us both, if you will come and look in the labyrinth.”

“ Lack-a-daisy ! good fuz ! do your worship be in the labyrinth at this time o’night ? and be our dear Lady Elinor, Miss Clifford, along wi you ? blefs both your dear hearts ! how did you comed there together in the dark ?”

“ No matter how we came here—I wish I was once more seated in my great chair. Go in, Rachel, and mend the fire in my study.”

“ Oh ! Sir, how concerned I am to give you all this trouble ! If you should catch cold, I shall never forgive myself.”

“ No, no, I hope I shall not catch cold for your sake. Poor thing ! you  
have

have had afflictions enow, without my catching cold and falling sick being added to them. Do not be uneasy—I will take care of myself, when I go in, and have something warm and comfortable—Ah! Ah! we have met at last.—So, so, I must stop a bit to take breath—there—now, let me lean upon your arm—never come into the labyrinth, when it is dark again, my pretty dear, seeing it is such a troublesome thing to get you out of it. But you was not to blame this time, because you did not know what it was. Well! Well! it can't be helped; we shall soon be comfortably seated by a bit of fire, and that will cheer us.”

Roger came with the lantern, and they soon found their way to the Priory, where, even Elinor, notwithstanding her dislike to it, was now very glad to be.

Sir

Sir Gervas complained that his feet were very cold; Elinor, with the greatest tenderness, rubbed them by the fire, till they grew warm and dried his slippers, lest they should be damped with the dew. He was delighted at her careful attention and said:

“ Blessings on thee! thou dost love thine old uncle; I see thou dost. Heaven make me thankful for thee, my sweet child! thou wilt be the comfort of my life—I know thou wilt, my kind Elinor.”

“ My dear grandfather used to say that I was the comfort of *his* life—but, alas! he died before I knew how to express my regard for him as I ought. You, my dear sir, are his brother, and all the attentive duty—all the tender affection I should have given to him, had he been spared to me, shall now be  
yours.



yours. Yes, my dear uncle, only have the goodness to tell me your wishes and I will instantly obey them."

"Divine Providence! What an engaging creature hast thou given to me at last, to inherit my fortune! All the riches that I have been saving up these many years shall be yours, when I am gone. What signifies your not being a boy, my Elinor! Girls are pretty gentle things, and will stay quietly with old uncles—boys are wild and unruly, in general, and want to run all over the world, and be riotous and extravagant. Well! well! they can't help it, I suppose, seeing it may be in their nature, poor things, God help them! it is the worse for themselves—no harm can happen to one who likes to live saving and retired. *You*, my pretty creature, will live secure from all danger, safe and comfortable in Clifford Priory.

You

You will never see any body here but me, old Rachel, honest Roger Jenkins, and the good people at Milbrook farm; that is all, nothing will ever hurt or frighten you here."

Rachel came in with a horn cann full of hot liquor, and Sir Gervas said eagerly :

"What haft got there, Rachel, what haft got there?"

"I do ha' made your honor a cann o' hot ale, wi an egg, a bit o'honey, and a dust a ginger beated into it. It will keep your dear worship from taking cold, that it will, I'll be bound for it."

"Where didst get ginger, Rachel? you did not buy it, I hope, when we have

have such a plenty of good things for nothing."

"O! no your worship, I did unt by'd it. I never buys nothing; no, no, it was gied to me by Dame Milbrook."

"Ah! very well, very well, as long as it was given to you, I shall taste it in the ale with pleasure. Come, Elinor drink a little; it will do you good, my girl."

"I would rather have some tea, fir."

"That you shall directly, my love—tell Rachel what you like best; whether baume and mint, or rosemary, or pennyroyal, or may be you prefer sage—they are all very wholesome, sweetened with a little honey and some nice new milk poured in—only say which  
you



you like best and Rachel will get it for you."

"I do not like any of those which you have named, sir. I meant green or Bohea—or some coffee, I do not care which."

"Ah! dear Lady, I do be very sorry: but we ha'unt got none o'them teas—no, nor no coffee neither—nor none o'them good things what you do ha beed custom'd to in Lunnun city; for, lawk-a-daisy! his honor do never drink any tea, but simple yearbs that so grow in our garden."

"To be sure, they are better—far more wholesome than all your foreign poisons."

"Poi-

"Poisons, sir!"

"Yes, certainly! what are your green teas, and your Boheas, and your coffee, but poisons—slow poisons—I will not let any of them come into my house."

"Then I will have a little milk and water; warm, if you please Dame Rachel, with a bit of dry toast."

"That's right—that's right—milk and water is a safe thing—you may drink as much of that as you please. At eight o'clock exactly, Rachel, give us a nice supper: poached eggs on a toast well buttered, and a head or two of celery; perhaps my niece may like to eat some after her eggs; and, as her teeth are good,

good, you need not stew it as you do for me."

"If we are to sup so soon, I do not want any milk and water."



## CHAP. XX.

## RESIGNATION.

SIR GERVAS finished his ale, and Rachel made her exit with the cann, while Elinor sat pensively silent, reflecting on her former, and present, manner of living, till her uncle interrupted her revery, by saying :

“*Soon*, Elinor ! do you call eight o'clock soon ? why, it is full an hour later than my usual supper time : but we dined late to day, and I took a long sleep this afternoon ; so, I may sit up a bit ; or else my practice is to ‘ go to bed with

with the lamb and rise with the lark.' It is good for the health and saves me fire and candle. Now, all this is strange to you, I suppose. God help you! poor thing; you have had the misfortune of being brought up after the wicked town fashion, and would like to turn night into day—and in London it might be very natural, seeing every body about you did the same, till they were ruined, and *you* were ruined along with them. Yes, yes, you must all have sunk together, if I had turned night into day too; but I was more prudent. Alas-a-day! what a blessing it is to have one careful considerate man, in an old respectable family such as ours, just to keep up the name in credit! for, the name shall be kept up, though you are a girl.—Let me see—how must I contrive this business—Oh! I have it. If you marry the baronet, that your father mentioned, your eldest son must keep up *his* title, to be sure—  
well,

well, so he may—and your second son shall keep up *mine*, by an act of parliament—that will do very well. Yes, my girl; you shall be the mother of two baronets. I depend on you, my Elinor, to find me an heir to my title and estate. Do let me see a little Gervas Clifford, playing about the Priory, before I die, will you my dutiful child?”

“Ah!” said Elinor to herself, “will the Priory ever be so enlivened! shall I behold with maternal affection my children playing about these, no longer, gloomy, apartments, and see my beloved Darnley gaze on them with rapture?” Joy glowed on her cheeks, smiles played around her lips, as she sincerely said aloud:

“I hope, my dear sir, that you will live to bless the children of your  
Elinor,



Elinor, and love and esteem their father."

"Yes, yes, I hope I shall. You have answered me honestly. If you had been affected and prudish, I should have been angry. I detest affectation—so I do boldness. You are just what you should be—a sincere sensible girl—and I wonder you are so, seeing you have lived in the gay town all your days."

"I had an excellent governess, sir, who early taught me never to disguise my sentiments, but when I was likely to hurt the feelings of another, by declaring them; and, certainly, delicacy renders dissimulation necessary in some cases. If every body were to speak as they think, it would cause continual ill-will and contention; it is politeness, not sincerity, that preserves harmony, not  
only

only in large assemblies, but between the dearest friends."

"Bless me ! bless me ! how sensibly you talk, Elinor ! and so young as you are ! you must have learned a great deal in a short time."

"I have lived in the *world*, sir ; and that is an excellent school, if people will give themselves a little time to make observations. I was taught to make a few—not as a philosopher, but as a lively girl, who might enjoy the amusements of the world, if I could acquire prudence enough to guard against its follies. I *did* strive to avoid them myself, though I know I was too often diverted with them in others, and laughed, I fear, too satirically, at the ridiculous characters I met with. The wickedness of the world I was unacquainted with : *that* rushed unexpectedly and furiously upon me—tore me from affluence and  
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happiness—and left me a destitute, an afflicted orphan ! Sudden and dreadful was the change ! you, my dear uncle, have softened the rigor of my fate—you held out an affectionate hand to save me from distress and poverty ! and, forgive me, my dear sir, if sorrow for the loss of a most beloved father may make me appear, sometimes, ungrateful for your goodness.”

“ No, no, my dear child ; I will not think you are ungrateful—it is natural—very natural to grieve for a parent—but do not cry too much, because it will make me unhappy to see you, and spoil your pretty blue eyes, my Elinor.”

Sir Gervas now grew impatient for his supper, though the time was not arrived, by half an hour, that he had ordered it to be ready by. He was uneasy and pettish, not to Elinor, but to his servants, who were obliged to humour him



him like a spoiled child, and hasten the repast, which was to conclude a day of greater temperance than Elinor had ever seen. Yet, while she thought it was hard to be debarred from tea and wine, she strove to recollect the millions that were in the world, who would think it a luxury to live as she had done at Clifford Priory. Thus she corrected every little tendency towards discontent—even when she was alone, in her gloomy bed-chamber, she said to herself:

“ O you distressed, you houseless wanderers ! what comfort would *you* find in such a chamber ! how happy would you repose in *that* bed ! and *I*—what am I, that dare to repine ? an humble child of poverty—who, instead of proudly calling back what I *was*, and thoughtlessly forgetting what I *am*—a poor *dependant*—ought to be thankful for the necessaries of life, and think of the superfluities

O 2

fluties which lately surrounded my apartments, and adorned my table, as only treacherous lures to the poverty, the affliction, I now experience !

“ Gracious Providence, endue me with humility ! never may I arrogantly think thy decrees are too severe ! no—may I ever be sensibly grateful for the blessings thou hast bestowed upon me !”

Thus did Elinor strive to reason her mind into tranquillity and resignation. After she had been in bed some time, she heard the clock strike *nine*. The going to rest at such an early hour made her determine to arise at the first dawn of day, and arrange some employments that would amuse her thoughts and be of some utility.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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